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LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE;

OR,

Imperial MUSHROOMS:

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM,

IN FIVE CANTOS:

Including a Conference between the

POPE AND THE DEVIL,

ON HIS

HOLINESS's VISIT TO PARIS:

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

"And now is this VICE'S DAGGER become a Squire."

SHAKESPEARE, I HENRY IV.

BY THE EDITOR OF "SALMAGUNDI," AND "THE WICCAMICAL CHAPLET," &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. GINGER, 169, PICCADILLY,

BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1805.

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TO SERVE THE CAUSE OF ORDER, AND THE CAUSE OF LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT, BY A LUDICROUS EXPOSURE OF THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS POLICY OF A CONTINENTAL DESPOT, COUNTENANCED AND ABETTED BY THE DEGRADING SERVILITY OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, IS THE OBJECT OF THIS POEM.

AND IT IS PRESUMED THAT THE LEVITIES IN WHICH THE MUSE HAS OCCASIONALLY INDULGED, ON SUCH A SUBJECT, WILL NOT OFFEND THE CANDID AND LIBERAL READER.

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LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE;

OR,

Imperial MUSHROOMS.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

EXORDIUM — Cause of the admiration excited by political events in the beginning of the nineteenth century — Ignorant people regard only the exterior of things — Case in point — Poets discern interior causes and principles — Exemplified in various instances — Their penetration embraces greater as well as lesser events — And will develope the true origin and fabrication of the Farce recently enacted and now acting on the Continent.

SATAN's speech to his parliament — "Obligations of the Infernals to mortal heroes — They are to be richly recompensed under ground, where things rich and precious are deposited — Superior worthies challenge also *earthly* pre-eminence — Examples from past times — Equal encouragement should now be given to Crime — The French Consulate, an inadequate remuneration of the transcendant deserts of

BONAPARTE

— Infernal spirits commanded to effect his advancement to the empire of France" — They repair to the Gallic Con-

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servative Senate — Organization of that assemblage — Why termed "*Conservateur*" — Their operation upon the *worst ends* of the senators — Produces the Senate's address of the 17th Floreal — Invocation — "The senators' acknowledgments for the Consul's communications relative to plots against him, especially those of Mr. Drake, whom they deem to have been suckled by a bitch-fox — What they must have felt if his plots had succeeded — Chasm in their existing institutions — Fine state-tinkers to find means of repairing the deficiency — *Second* course of Mr. Drake — Destinies of France and of Bonaparte united — *Third* course of Mr. Drake — Frenchmen gifted with nine lives, Bonaparte has but one — *Fourth* course of Mr. Drake — Bonaparte's fall would have confounded the order of the world — French vengeance in case of such event, fruitless, because Mr. Drake's head would not fit Bonaparte's shoulders — Necessity of organizing a High Court of justice — Advantage of making the execution of criminals preliminary to their trials — Expected effect of such High Justiciary Court on English conspirators — *Fifth* course of Mr. Drake — Establishment of such high court but half of the Consul's work — Everlasting institutions to be combined with it by the wonderful ability of the First Consul — His absolute power over Time, &c. — His plastic and all-comprehensive genius — Illustrated — Love of the French people to, and apprehensions for, the pilot of their state vessel — Sympathetic sentiments of French Mesdames Poissardes, &c. &c. — All unanimous in exhorting the "Great Man to complete his glory."

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LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE;

OR,

Imperial MUSHROOMS.

CANTO I.

NO manufacturer of rhyme,
Or prose, can tell the nick of time
When, bidding earthly friends good by,
Spirit or gift of prophecy,
Like other spirits, evaporated:
But we for certainty may state it,
That she sat off at the right æra;
For, had she longer tarried, ne'er a
Interpreter of all the trade
One-half of what she *would* have said
Had credited, if, peradventure, he
Had heard her prate of NINETEENTH CENTURY;
At whose developement each ass
Must think strange things have come to pass;

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And so, indeed, of asses say
All that intelligibly bray:
Because, such long-ear'd gentry look
To rind and cover of the book
Alone, in spruce Morocco binding
All *they* think worth attention finding;
Like swine, for love of th' husk, neglect
The text or kernel to inspect.
As literary gossips fable
Of sapient and right honourable
Peer, who the door had so dispos'd
To 's library, that, when 'twas clos'd,
None could descry or hit upon 't:
And was so tickled, when he 'd done 't,
With his foriculastic mystery,
That he for tomes within, of history,
Art dialectic, greek and latin
Classics, whereon the studious batten,
And all their philosophic prog
Had no more relish than a dog:
But thought, *in limine deceptio*
Must him a more profound adept show

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Than if h' had Hebrew odes, or Greek writ
To friend, whom thus into the secret
He let with Solomonic grin:
" Say not a word about it! — in
" This library and out go I, Sir,
" Full oft, and *nobody the wiser!*"
But *double*-sighted Bards,† who tip ye
Off rummers of right Agamippe,
Look through the upper-crust of things,
To find th' interior, secret springs
And principles that give to th' whole
Form, hue, activity and soul.
And, though on spit the joint turn round,
By nicest scrutiny have found,
That 'tis the short-legg'd cur i' the wheel,
And not the spit, that roasts the veal.
When fingers of Hook, Cramer, Crotch,
On organ-keys play at hop-scotch,

---

† *Double-sighted bards, &c.*

Viz.: those heterodox Topers who see *double* from drinking water, as Orthodox Topers, from drinking wine.

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Though credit for their skill you grant 'em,
And swear divinely trills the anthem,
They know that you're mistaken quite:
'Tis *Bellows-blower* out of sight
Who makes the melody, which no
Longer exists than bellows blow.†
They know when popular Haranguer,
From pulpit, theologic clangour
Dispenses, (like report of guns,)
And suff'ring auditory stuns,

---

† ——————— *The melody, which no*
Longer exists than bellows blow.

The space allotted for our notes admitting only of limited insertions, we must be content with referring our readers to an important narrative of the competition between Sarah Rowden, spinster and under organist (commonly called Bellows-blower) of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the professional performer on the keys of the said organ, (whom she had challenged to a trial of skill in one of Dr. Blow's Anthems,) and which terminated in the complete discomfiture of the latter of these *rival* musicians, as detailed at large in the "*Old Woman's Magazine*, or Mrs. Martha Midnight's *Larder of Tid Bits.*"

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That, though the *noise* is all his own,
He preaches not but *Massillon*.
List'ning learn'd Sergeant in the courts,
What tropes and metaphors he sports,
" Three-pil'd hyperboles," grimaces,†
" Silk terms and taffata-wove phrases !"
You deem such all-persuasive strains
Flow from grand reservoir of brains;
They know in *Curl of's wig* the force
Lies, and the thread of his discourse,‡

---

† *Three-pil'd hyperboles, &c.*

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, &c.

SHAKESPEARE.

‡ ——— *in curl of's wig the force*
Lies, and the thread of his discourse.

The late learned Mr. Sergeant —— had indulged a whimsical propensity to untwist, with the fore finger and thumb of his left hand, the tie of his wig pendant over the deltoid muscle of his left shoulder while he was pleading. This little indulgence having, from habit, become an indispensible accompanyment to his oratory, occasioned the Sergeant an extraordinary expense of new

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As we from case in point below,
Shall, with prosaic license, show.
They know that Punch's ribbald note
From *Carnal* comes, not oaken throat †

---

wigs, as substitutes for those which had been deteriorated and rendered unseemly by friction, till, at the recommendation of an economical friend, he was happily induced to carry with him into court a cast-off wig in his coat-pocket, which he might twist, twirl, finger, frizzle, fudgel, and torment, without check or compunction, and with all the perseverance that was necessary to enable him to maintain the flow of his eloquence, and insure its success. It happened, however, that, in a cause of more than ordinary importance, for carrying of which the Sergeant's known abilities were relied on by the plaintiff, the deputy clerk of the court (who had been stimulated to the enterprize by a handsome douceur from the defendant) contrived to elicit the periwig from his pocket almost at the moment of opening the cause. The Sergeant commenced his career with his accustomed felicity, his left hand deliberately retrogading at the same time towards the saccular receptacle of periwig *incog.*; where, to his utter disappointment and dismay, finding nothing but empty space, a sympathetic vacuity in the cranium was the immediate consequence, and, it is needless to add, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

† ——————— *Punch's ribbald note*
From carnal comes,-not oaken throat.

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As that *intelligent* old woman
Suppos'd, who bought him of the show-man,
And took him home, when she was á-dry,
To tipple with her, and talk shaadry.
And, as poetical Proboscis,
In *small* effects smells out their causes,
(Nay, with such rare organization,
Is fram'd 'twill scent of dame of fashion
The little *faux-pas* she will nót own,
As well as nose of Father COTON : †)

As Punch's own exertions, and the liberties taken with him by the Devil and his wife Joan, are such as seem to require nerves of the firmest texture, we presume that his stamina are usually fabricated of the same material which surrounded Jupiter's temple, near Dodona, in Epirus, and of which the image of the god itself might have been composed agreeably to Butler's

Oracle from heart of oak. HUD. p. 2. c. 1.
Nemus, jovi sacrum, querneum totum, &c.

† *As well as nose of Father Coton.*

A Reverend Father and Confessor of the Jesuits' Order, who *(according to the testimony of F. Alegambe)* was endowed with a nose that could not endure the smell of any one who had violated the laws of chastity.—"Castitatem imprimis coluit, et virginitatis

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Thus its rhinocerontic stature,
Commensurate alike with *greater,*
Enables it, (just like that queer one,
Wherewith Judge Jeff'ries presbyterian
Forty miles off could smell, or more,)
T' olfact the Centre, and explore
The lowest bin in Satan's cellar;
And, if rat burrow'd there, to smell her.

" decus ad extremum usque obtinuit: sensus frænabat accuratâ " custodiâ et horrore quodam impuritatis; quam etiam in iis qui se " illâ fœdassent ex *graveolentiâ nescio qua* discernebat."

ALEGAMBE, col. 2. p. 379.

(It is to be hoped, that this Reverend Father never left his snuff-box behind him when he went into *good* company.) The above-cited writer has the following expressions respecting another of these immaculate and fastidious Jesuitical gentry, called "*Father* GIL."

" Erat severissimus suorum sensuum custos: nullam tot annis " feminam de facie noverat: *se quoque ipsum attingere* quodam " modo *horrebat.*" Col. 1. p. 369.

This reminds us of a Cantabridgian of high and merited celebrity, whose uncommon delicacy was said to have procured him the name of "*Tea-tongs.*"

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This being premis'd, attend with awe,
Reader! while we the veil undraw
That parts this world of stars and sunshine
From subterraneous world where none shine:
Show how in Hell's Cimmerian shade,
The farce was plann'd that France has play'd;
And how the Devil's conj'ring-box,
Swell'd CONSUL FROG to EMP'ROR OX.

SATAN, on mighty mischiefs bent,
Call'd his infernal parliament,
And, to the cloven-footed peers
And knights of his sulphureous shires,
Marshall'd around their monarch's throne,
Thus his imperial will made known;
"LORDS DIABOLIC!" who sustain
The potency of Satan's reign,
And you, HELL'S COMMONERS! esquires,
And knights, these everlasting fires

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Anxious to feed with two-legg'd fuel!
'Tis understood by us and you well
How much the glorious Cause of ILL
Indebted stands to HUMAN WILL;
With what effect our dire intents
Explode through mortal instruments;
As through that militant Death's-door,
The culverin's or musket's bore,
When speeds the nitrous compound's force,
Tenfold destruction marks its course.
What Devil of consideration
Knows not our wond'rous obligation
To Heroes of gigantic mind,
Who, while the rights of human-kind
They spurn, and all its ties disown,
Live for themselves and US alone?
If, then, to *Such* our realms below
Their wide-spread population owe;
Let their deserts be fairly weigh'd,
And rich remuneration made:
That all, to serve our state inclin'd,
Here may be sure their due to find!

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For *where should* treasures rich be found,
And precious gems, but under ground?
Of Truth more precious where's the seat?
You glance, perhaps, at D— — Street,
" Or — — th's venerable pile;
" Deep in a *well* lies Truth the while;
" And he who pays his lawyer's bill
" Swears Equity lies deeper still:"
His oath the lawyer shall confirm,
Who, when expires Life's fleeting term,
Discovers, to his cost, 'tis so,
Repaid in hell his *quid pro quo*.
But, gallants of superior worth,
Challenge pre-eminence *on earth*;
For though, their glorious labours past,
Welcome awaits them at the last
Warm as our precincts can afford,
When here they come to lodge and board:
Yet, should their brows no laurels wear
But those we in our hot-house rear,
Conscience might dare to interfere,
And cross a hero's brave career;

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Or rascally Remorse dissuade
Illustrious Cut-throats from their trade.
Mov'd by considerations grave,
Like these, a world the GREEK we gave
Who scorn'd the *scanty* boon, and swore
He wanted half a dozen more. †
Gave CÆSAR of imperial Rome
Sov'reign control and masterdom ;
Show'r'd on ferocious KOULI KHAN
The wealth of ravag'd Indostan ; ‡

---

† *He wanted half a dozen more.*

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis,
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi, &c.

says Juvenal of Alexander; and, according to Plutarch, he wept when he heard the Philosopher Anaxarchus say there were infinite worlds; his tears proceeded from his despair of conquering them all. Lorenzo Gracian, a Spanish writer, acquaints us that in a corner of Alexander's heart the world found itself so *unstraitened* that there was room for six more.

‡ *Show'r'd on ferocious Kouli Khan*
The wealth of ravag'd Indostan.

Nadir Shah. The General of Tahmas, Sophi of Persia, who

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And bade three prostrate kingdoms fear
The crimson-beaked MAN OF BEER. †
Of all that breathe 'twixt hell and heaven,
Tell me to whom should power be given?
To clement sov'reigns and king logs,
Bestrode by *Opposition* frogs;
Who use it like a magnet loaded
With pendant steel, by rust corroded:
Or those whom fierce Ambition goads,
Whose *active* steel no rust corrodes,

---

afterwards assumed the name of Thamas Kouli Khan, and dethroned his master. — From his subsequent ravages in Indostan and subversion of the Mogul Empire in 1732, he is said to have possessed himself of plunder to an almost incredible amount.

† *The crimson-beaked Man of Beer.*

Cromwell's nose appears to have afforded as much matter for ridicule as that of Bardolph, whom Falstaff (on account of its red and fiery hue) terms "the Knight of the Burning Lamp," and, "but for the light in his face, a son of utter darkness." — "Cromwell's nose (says Cleaveland) is remarkably red and shining; "he should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak: — and again, "Cromwell's nose wears the Dominical Letter." — Cromwell had been a brewer.

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But, flesh'd on all beneath the welkin,
Approves its brandishers to hell kin?
If then the Worthies of *past* ages
Who did our work, were paid their wages;
If (stamp'd by us, their new creators,
Protectors, sophis, imperators,)
To fame and empire up they sprung
Like cucumbers from beds of dung:
Shall it be said that *modern* times
Yield less encouragement to crimes?
That outrage, robbery, and vice,
Have fall'n below our market's price?
Or know not devils how to prize
Dark craft, and pride of giant size;
Relentless rage, immortal spite,
The deadly bowl of aconite;
Th' inexorable sword imbrued
In blood of gallant foes subdued,
The impious vaunt, th' atrocious lie
Accredited by blasphemy? ‖

‖ *Accredited by blasphemy.*

See General Bonaparte's Proclamations to the People of Egypt.

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Say, can the Gallic Consulate
Pay such vast claims upon OUR state?
Account we BONAPARTE'S worth
Second to aught that graces earth,
That aught her kingdoms can dispense
Of splendour, style, pre-eminence,
Or the great Prince of Air confer
(Of his *prime mortal* minister
To swell the state and sooth the pride,)
Should be to his deserts denied?
No! since terrestrial glories all,
To *dev'lish* arbitration fall.†
Thus has our policy decreed:
" Be Empire Bonaparte's meed!"
" Spirits! who Satan's will obey,
" To that proud eminence his way
" 'Gainst all impediments advance!
" And bid the groveling sons of France

† ———*Terrestrial glories all,*
To dev'lish arbitration fall.

" The Devil shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world, and " said, all this will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that is " delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it." LUKE, c. iv.

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" Before that throne fall down and tremble,
" Where he shall sit and rant like K——!"
Promulg'd the pleasure of Hell's King,
His sable senators took wing :
Of the grim corps a grand division
Their *brother*-Senators Parisian
Sought out ; (for birds, with feathers dight
Of the same cut, in flocks unite :)
These were a set of precious sages
As e'er for dirty work took wages,
To that fam'd Senate cater-cousins
Which Romulus of rogues by dozens
Composed, whose successors their votes
Gave a grand Consul that ate oats,†
And found his sway less inauspicious
Than two-legg'd Consul's, twice as vicious.
This Gallic Senate with such art
Was fram'd, that each constituent part
Would rise, harangue, leap o'er a stick,
Or play whatever monkey trick

---

† ——— *Whose successors their votes*
Gave a Grand Consul that ate oats.

At the Emperor Caligula's command, the Roman Senate invested his HORSE with the honours of the Consulate and of the Priesthood.

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Its Fabricator might require,
Like ductile puppet mov'd by wire.
'Twas nick-nam'd (as a dark grove men do
"*Lucus*" yclepe "*a non lucendo*")
Of Frenchmen's rights CONSERVATEUR,
And sworn to keep 'em safe and sure:
As grooms keep shut the stable door
When the steed 's stol'n, but not before.
Here Satan's myrmidons cornuted
Found subjects to their purpose suited;
And fell to work on their *worst ends*,
Videlicet, their heads † (for fiends,

† *Videlicet, their heads, &c.*

This devilish affection or possession of the head has been occasionally experienced by members of *other* Senates besides the Senate Conservateur. "A person of quality (says Selden) came "to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had TWO DEVILS "in his head (I wondered what he meant) and just at that time "one of them bid him kill me. (With that I began to be afraid "and thought he was mad.) He said he knew I could cure him, "and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was "resolved he would go to nobody else. I perceiving what an

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As well as scavengers, may boast
Of sorriest trash they make the most.)

" opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that
" troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would
" follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired
" him to let me be alone about an hour. In the mean time I got a
" CARD, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of taffata, and put
" strings to the taffata, and when he came, gave it to him to hang
" about his neck, withal charged him that he should not disorder
" himself neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of
" supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I
" made no question but he would be well in three or four days.
" Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him
" how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly
" well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me: he had
" had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were
" gone, with that which I had given him; but the other two trou-
" bled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone,
" I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So, I
" gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days
" after he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as
" well as ever he was in his life; and did extremely thank me for
" the great care I had taken of him." SELD. TAB. T. p. 61.

As these Devils so quietly resigned their tenure of this Nobleman's

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There, as those cells they empty found
Where brains in wiser pates abound,
They fill'd them with mephitic gas
From hell, which downward strove to pass,
But, gaining exit through the throat,
By leave of porter, Epiglott,
Vented itself in fustian storm
Rhetorical. This, in due form
Reduc'd, concentrated, and penn'd,
They, by choice deputation, send
To CONSUL GRAND:—which, e'er you read,
Brief Invocation shall precede.

---

head, we may conclude our Exorcist's *Card* to have been a complimentary card, containing a *polite dismissal*. The Assessor, M. des Matras, treated with somewhat less ceremony one of the *two* Devils who *possessed* a woman of Angers, (whether as tenants in capite, or tenants in tail, the narrator, Daubigné, has forgot to tell us,) for, as if he had apprehended that the Devil, however subjected to *ecclesiastical* ejection, might consider his dismissal, by the *exorcism of a Lawyer* as 'DISSEISIN,' and resent it accordingly, he took up a cudgel, and said to him "Beelzebub, you rogue! if you play your tricks with me, I'll "beat you like a Devil." *Confess. Cath. de Sancy, Liv.* 1. *c.* 6.

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INVOCATION.

Apollo ! and ye Muses Nine !
If to your lyre, and your guittars
This Composition superfine
Was set, I'm sure t'would charm the stars:
And, if they should not quit their spheres
To *list'* Conservative Messieurs,
Zounds !' tis because stars have no ears!!

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

Paris, 17th Floreal, (May 7th.)

TO you, renowned citizen !
First of First Consuls, First of Men !
Your faithful Senators repair,
To lay beneath your elbow-chair

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Of gratitude the mass so great
That all their faculties employs
To calculate its monstrous weight;
Some thousand tons averdupois.
Because you've deign'd communicate
A list, as terrible as true,
Of PLOTS against YOU AND THE STATE,
Of plots against the state and you.
Of your long list the dire contents
Have giv'n your senators the vapours;
Black plots by dismal documents
Establish'd, and authentic papers! †

---

† *Black plots, by dismal documents*
Establish'd, and authentic papers.

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

PARIS, 17th Floreal, (May 7th.)

"Citizen First Consul—The Senate Conservateur repairs in a "body to you, to thank you for the communication you have made to "it, the 2d of this month, by the grand judge, minister of justice, of

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Plots laid against our grand Commander
Like eggs that shrove-tide pancakes make,
Laid not by Goose, nor yet by Gander,
But, what's as wond'rous, by a DRAKE!
Not of the quackling-tribe aquatic,
A Drake unparallel'd and únique
Of English brood! Drake diplomatic,
Late ENVOY TO THE COURT OF MUNICH!

" the original documents and authentic papers, relative to the *atro-*
" *cious plots* laid against the state and against you, under cover of a
" diplomatic character, by the envoy of the King of England to the
" court of Munich."

N. B. The above and subsequent parts of this address, as well as of the First Consul's message in reply, and of his Senate's rejoinder, were given, (from the French Moniteur,) in all the public papers; one of which the *Chronicle of May* 1, 1804, has the following apposite observation, on the subject of these most *formidable* PLOTS.

' The best of the plots against BONAPARTE'S Government, and we have heard of few good ones, are but absurd attempts. It is not by such means that governments like his are to be overturned. It was not by such that the BOURBONS fell, nor by such can they be restored, while the *attempt*, in the mean time, and not the *deed*, is so obviously in BONAPARTE'S favour, that he may well be suspected of exaggerating, if not fabricating, the accounts we receive.'

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But, were it English Drake or German,
Were it a Drake with shoes or no shoes,
I' st fitting that such desp'rate vermin
Should Frenchmen scare with plots atrocious?
This Drake, Sir! when a drakeling younker,
Your Senate deem, some bitch-fox suck'd:
But, whether thence his craft he drunk or
Not, we'll be neither Drake'd nor duck'd.
Had we not watch'd his Drakeship's water,
Who knows but this same Drake we talk on
Had hatch'd our mighty Consul's slaughter;
Like Shakespeare's owl that kill'd a falcon? †
Our honest hearts though ne'er so flinty
Think, Sir, how 't would have made them ake!
How grey eye, black eye, wall eye, squint eye
Had wept, if you'd been slain by Drake!

---

† ———*Shakespeare's owl that killed a falcon.*

A falcon, towering in his pride of place,
Was, by a mousing owl, hawk'd at and killed.

MACBETH.

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If, when such tragic fate befel ye,
On duck or drake we 'd chanc'd to dine,
The very onions in his belly
Had bath'd our sallow cheeks with brine.
Whilst, prosing o'er these plots, our wind
Is wasted and our wits expended,
We in our Institutions find
A chasm or hole that must be mended :
This hole we 've, in our zeal to stop,
On five state-tinkers laid injunctions
To find, of a Grand Justice Shop,
Something that shall supply the functions.†

---

† *Something that shall supply the functions.*

" In examining these papers, and the report which the grand " judge has made to you of them, the Senate has seen the necessity " of supplying, for the moment, the functions of that grand national " tribunal, the establishment of which is wanting to our institutions. " A commission of Five Members has made to it a report which the " Senate has adopted, and which it comes to present to you. Its " publicity is committed to the wisdom of the government."

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For sore we fear with steel or shot
Drake's cronies yet may bring you short home;
Or blow off by some powder plot
Your head, thenceforth a caput mortuum.
And, if by rapier, shot, or plot
They do the feat, not YOU *alone*
But *your own* France must go to pot:
They 'll kill two black-birds with one stone.
For the French People's fate is spun
With yours into the self same cloth
So close that he, who severs one,†
Destroys the texture of them both:

---

† ———*He who severs one,*
Destroys the texture of them both.

" When they meditate your ruin, it is France they mean to in-
" jure. The English and the emigrants know that *your destiny is*
" *that of the French people.*"

N. B. Although the destinies of Buonaparte, and of the French people, (if we may credit Messrs. les Conservateurs,) are spun into the self-same cloth, they may, perhaps, be separated one of these days, with little more difficulty than was the beard of a capuchin friar, from that of his tutelary saint. The cause of their conjunction may afford the reader amusement. The Capuchin Fathers had

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Yet though, dread Sir! when you are slain
Poor France must die: in the same breath
She shall be brought to life again
On purpose to revenge your death.
Thus Frenchmen gifted like a cat
Our logic proves — to *nine* of theirs
You 've but *one life*: take care of that
We beg of you! *good* folks are scarce.
Then Heav'n, whose care with yours is join'd,
For its *own sake* will keep intact your
Dear life, since heroes of *your* kind
'Tis *such hard work* to manufacture.‡

---

employed an ingenious female artist of the Marais to work for them a representation of St. Francis in embroidery. A drowsy brother of the order went to inspect the progress of her work; and, poring closely over it, dropped asleep; his chin coming in contact with the Saint's on which she was at work. The Embroidress immediately interwove the Friar's beard with the beard of St. Francis. — Boursault highly diverted Louis XIV. and his court, at the expense of the Capuchins, with a poetical debate between the Embroidress and the Friar, on his awaking from his nap: — for which pleasantry, however, the worthy Brotherhood did not fail to procure him the satisfaction of a visit to the Bastille.

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And France with all her nine lives whole,
  Need not pursue with vengeance horrid
A crime that must unhinge each pole,
  Mix zones, cold, temperate, and torrid.†
Now though to knock out English brains
  We love, as pædagogues love birch,
We might, as wisely spare our pains
  When You have left us in the lurch:

---

† *A crime that must unhinge each pole,*
Mix zones, cold, temperate, and torrid.

" If the execrable projects of the former had succeeded, they *(the English)* little think of the *horrible vengeance* which *that people would have taken of them.* Heaven will preserve the earth from the necessity the French would be in of punishing a *crime*, the *consequence of which* would *overturn the whole order of the world.* But that crime has been attempted, and it can be so again; we speak of vengeance and our laws have not foreseen it."

‡ ————*heroes of your kind*
'Tis such hard work to manufacture.

at least it should seem so, if we believe the Address of the Prefect of the Pas de Calais.

" Dieu crea Bonaparté, et *se reposa.*"
God created Bonaparté and *rested from his labours.*

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Should we of Albion make a wreck,
Britons with rods of iron bruise,
Broil Pitt and Windham, wring Drake's neck
As you, great Sir! did PICHEGRU's:
By all the vengeance France could take
Should we be better'd?—Not a whit.
Nor, when wrung off, would head of Drake
Dead Bonaparte's shoulders fit.
To counter-plot these plotters all,
There's need of some Herculean *Fustis*,
Some grand tribunal national,‡
Or *knock-me-down* High Court of Justice:

---

‡ *There's need of*
Some grand tribunal national.

"However, relatively to France, the circumstances make it a "duty for the Senate to explain itself upon two important objects, "which the discovery of those *horrible* plots appears to it to render "worthy of your quickest and most serious attention.

"At the sight of all these attempts, from which Providence has "saved *a* HERO NECESSARY TO ITS DESIGNS, a first reflection has "struck the Senate.

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Sir! all our Constitutions tried,
(And we can number them by shoals,
Turn'd out, just ready cut and dried,
From Abbe Sieyes' pidgeon-holes.)
Excepting *one*, and that the worst,
Set these high courts of judicature
At work, all state delinquents first
To execute, and try them after.
Such *wholesome* Institutions graced
Enlighten'd governments of old;
Sagely preventing needless waste
Of parchment, perjury, and gold.
For, when a culprit 's said his prayers,
And 's hang'd up to his heart's content,
The laws presume he little cares
What issue waits the argument.

" Yes, Citizen First Consul, the Senate must tell it you.

" In organizing our social order, your superior genius has made " an omission, which honours the generosity of your character, " but which, perhaps, augments your dangers and our fears. *All* " *our Constitutions*, except that of the *year* 8, had organized either " a *High Court*, or a national jury."

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That *such* tribunal we should want, †
('Mongst prophets, though a high degree
You hold, *says your Egyptian rant,)*
Winking, you chose not to foresee:
For y' had forgotten that you owe
France your *invaluable* self;
You 're so disint'rested, *we know,*
And neither value life nor pelf!

---

† *That such tribunal we should want, &c. &c.*

" You have had the confidence that such a tribunal would not " be necessary, and posterity, which must give you credit for all " that you have done, will also put to your account all that you " *would not* foresee.

" But, Citizen First Consul, *you owe yourself* to the country. " You have not *the authority to neglect your existence*; and the " Senate, which, in its essence, is the preserver of the social pact " of thirty millions of men, demands, on their part, that the law " should explain itself upon the first object of this preservation.

" Citizen First Consul, a grand national tribunal will assure on " the one side the responsibility of the public functionaries, and " on the other it will offer to conspirators a *tribunal quite ready*, en- " tirely invested with the consistence and with the powers necessary " to maintain the safety and existence of a great people attached " to the safety and to the existence of its chief."

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But we, your Conservateurs trusty,
Resolve to make you pay this debt;
Since, should ball come from blunderbuss t' ye,
Where such a Consul shall we get?
A bench of justices so brief
Is Frenchmen's grand desideratum,
Then be advis'd, Illustrious Chief!
And let your potent breath create 'em.
Oh! how *Conspirators* will quake,
When these grim justices you've got,
Death's rifle-men, for every *Drake*
Prepar'd with charges of duck-shot!
When England sees your judges wield
Swords, daggers, scymitars, and tucks,
Soon shall her bravest champions yield,
And all her Drakes become *lame ducks.*
Athens in blood, as some report,
Wrote the first laws that she did make, oh
With *such red Ink* supply your Court!
Revive, for Drake, the laws of DRACO!

You're so disint'rested, &c.

Un Homme assez généreux pour immoler *ses intérêts* aux intérêts de son pays. F. NEUFCHATEAU, MONITEUR, DEC. 2, 1804.

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Yet, when this fell judicial band
  You've nam'd, and this high court erected,
Your Senate tells its Consul Grand
  He has but half his work effected : †
And fears your justices may say,
  (Should death surprize you, doughty Don!)
With the swart murth'rer in the play,
  " Othello's occupation's gone."
Combine, then, with this Institution
  Some half a score besides, *as clever*,
Which may survive your dissolution,
  And, what's still better, last for ever.
This you'll achieve with trifling pains,
  And inconsiderable expenses,
For YOU can hang Old Time in chains, ‡
  And gibbet all his moods and tenses.

---

† *He has but half his work effected.*

" But this national jury does not yet suffice to assure, at the " same time, both your life and your work, if you do not add to " it institutions so combined as that their system may survive you. " *You found a new æra; but you must eternise it.* Brilliancy is no- " thing without duration."

‡ *You can hang old Time in chains, &c.*

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You've a bright Æra, Sir! cut out
Of bran new stuff; eternal fashion
Give it, and Old Ones we shall scout:
What's brilliancy without duration?
Conspirators you curb, cashier
Ambition's troops, events you master,
Cement our crumbling state, besmear
Its chinks with rot-concealing plaster.
Your plastic genius all exceeds,
Embraces all things, none forgets;
From constitutions, systems, creeds,
Sceptres and crowns to cabbage-nets.
'Tis like that visionary Sheet,
St. Peter's table-cloth, who therein
Saw ven'son, four-legg'd butcher's meat,
Game, wild-fowl, fresh and pickled herring.

"*You can chain down Time, master events, curb conspirators*, dis-
"arm the ambitious, and tranquillise all France, by giving it *in-*
"*stitutions which may cement your edifice.*

"We cannot doubt but this great idea has occupied you: for
"*your plastic genius embraces every thing, and forgets nothing.* But
"do not defer."

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'Tis like the British bed of Ware,
Whose ample coverlid will take in
Men, women, brats, with room to spare
For bugs and fleas to keep 'em waking.
Unparallel'd, OMNISCIENT SIR!
Who 's fit to reign if you are not?
A word to the wise:—'*Do not defer!*'
Strike! while the Gallic Iron 's hot.
All law-givers to you were louts,†
Whose liberal institutes prepare
Those rings for Gallic fathers' snouts
To which each infant nose is heir.
For these kind boons, with rev'rence, low
They bow, as 'tis their bounden duty;
How well they love you too *we know,*
Although we do not care to shew t' ye.

---

† *All law-givers to you were louts, &c.*

" Prolong for the children what you have done for the fathers. " Citizen First Consul, be well assured that the Senate speaks to " you here in the name of all the Citizens. *All admire and love* " *you.*"

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Ah! should the Vessel of the state ‡
Her pilot lose, they all are conscious
She'll no such pilot find till Fate
Release from limbo Pilate Pontius.
Interrogate the Mesdames French —
They'll all your parrot's cry repeat, ‖
From *Josephine* to Poissarde wench,
"GREAT, *little* MAN! YOUR WORK COMPLETE!"
With gen'ral voice Stentorean,
(Your friends might hear its din in Hades,)
Trust us all France "Great, *little* Man"
Re-echoes to these pretty ladies.
"Great, *little* Man your work complete!
"Immortal make it, like your glory!"
"Great, *little* Man!" in every street
You'll hear till these rare plaudits bore ye.

‖ A *Parrot at Malmaison has been tutored to cry, when* Bonaparte *approaches:* "*Voici, le* GRAND *et le petit* HOMME!"

‡ *Ah! should the Vessel of the state, &c.*

"But there are none who do not often think with anxiety, on "what would become of the ship of the Republic, if she had "the *misfortune to lose her pilot,* before she should be safe moored

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Yet, how to laud your worth enough,†
Your thrice-devoted Senate puzzles,
Who, this fine sentimental stuff
Have charg'd us with, up to our muzzles.
Half a word more, and we have done;
Though to surcease from flattery loth:—
Senate and People both make One
With You, and You make fools of Both.

" upon immovable anchors. In the cities, in the country, if you " could question all the French, one after another, there is not " one of them but would say to you, as well as we, ' *Great man* " *complete your work, by rendering it immortal like your glory.*"

† *Yet how to laud your worth enough, &c.*

" Such, Citizen First Consul, are the observations which the " Senate has charged us to lay before you, and has given us also " the express mission to repeat to you, in its name, and in the " name of the French people, that in all circumstances, and now " more than ever, the *Senate and the People are only one with you.*

" (Signed) CAMBACERES, Second Consul, President.

" MORARD DE GALLES and JOSEPH CORNUDET, Secretaries.

" Seen and sealed,

" The Chancellor of the Senate, signed, LAPLACE."

Saint Cloud, 5th Floreal, year 12.

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CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

PRIVY Council of the First Consul — Digression — The reason why no member of the infernal parliament had waited on the First Consul — His Message to his Senate Conservateur — Senators' Address the constant subject of his meditations — Encourages them to speak out — Frenchmen like to be dealt with in the same manner as pigs — Sovereignty resident in their hides, which must be curried for their benefit — Castigatory branches of the Consular Administration — The Consul's ideas have broke loose — He desires the Senators to tell him their thoughts — Frenchmen can add nothing to his glory, but must grow great from his exuberance — Advantages of the French Revolution — Millions of Frenchmen destroyed in effecting it — "The fewer mouths the better cheer — *Sixth* course of Mr. Drake, and his Plots — Colonel Cracherode's old Breeches — Freedom and happiness of the French People — The Senators' compliance with the Consul's requisition of their thoughts — They dress their thoughts in their holiday clothes, and send them in their Reply — Senators' hearts play a symphony to the Consul's first fiddle — The perseverance with which they have sat to secure the triumph of French Freedom and Equality — What their sitting has hatched — The French have conquered Liberty — Their wish to maintain Equality, &c. — It is necessary to invest the Consul with Majesty — Happy days of the

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year 1789 — Greece and Rome — Factions of the latter terminated by Monarchical Government — French Millennium — What Conservateurs have to expect after the Consul's Apotheosis — His reign will give stability to plunder — Ægis to shelter rogues — Whom without it Fortune may grow tired of, and consign to justice — Love, Glory, &c. proclaim Bonaparte Emperor — Conservative Senate compared to the patent sash-frame-maker — Instructions to their Emperor elect — Schedule of tutelary dispositions — Will effect metamorphoses and French prosperity, &c. &c. — *Seventh* course of Mr. Drake, &c. — Tobacco-stopper — Immortal glory of the Consul's name — Canister to dog's tail — Grand Republic, immutable monument of French obligation to Bonaparte.

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CANTO II.

CHARM'D with this senatorial mummery
The Consul swallow'd all their flummery;
And, though it would have chok'd a horse
Or alderman, for second course
He long'd of Adulation-posset;
So he betook him to his closet,
And call'd his curvilinear
Quondam right rev'rend *Auctioneer*, †
Who voted the Church-goods to sale,
And after leap'd out of her pale,

† Talleyrand *Perigord, ci-devant* Bishop of Autun, upon whose motion (Nov. 2, 1789,) the alienation of the church-lands was decreed, and who consecrated the Constitutional Bishops, when every other Prelate had refused. At the head of this *Reverend* stock-jobbing Apostate, one of the Directory formerly threw an inkstand, telling him that his mind was as *deformed* as his body.

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As rev'rend rats, black, grey, or brown,
Abandon house that's falling down.
With help of this apostate prelate,
Our Corsican's sworn drudge and helot, †
And of *another* Cloven-foot,
The Consul's guardian fiend to boot,
In this recluse *sanctum sanctorum*
Form'd these three Nonpareils a quorum:
Ere on whose counsels we proceed, or
Dilate, 'tis fit we give the Reader
Time to take breath, and let him know
(When the black Parliament below,
Of whom we treated erst, on mission
Sent the Conservateurs Parisian
Prompters, to aid each abject actor
In FARCE of Corsic' manufacture)
Why, of their missionaries, none
A visit paid Napoleon: —
'Twas because for those fissipedal
Messieurs our Chief (like bridewell-beadle

† *Helot*, a servile Drudge of the Lacedemonians.

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Or executioner) such work
Had done with musket, sword, and dirk,
That when his merciless campaigns
Crimson'd HESPERIA's fertile plains;
When destin'd his retracted word
HELVETIA's heroes to the sword;
When ALEXANDRIA's feeble sons
Bled by his savage myrmidons;
At JAFFA when disarm'd and bound
His captive thousands bit the ground,
The very fiends were seen to smile,
And Hell kept holyday the while.—
Hence she assign'd him, as a civil
Acknowledgement, *domestic* Devil,
To fetch and carry for him freely, as
The black Dog-*devil* for Cornelius
Agrippa did, (though John Wiërus †
Says, he that dog with rope of hair has

† *To fetch and carry for him freely as*
The black Dog-devil for Cornelius
Agrippa did, &c.

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Led, and a *true* dog in 's amours
He was as went upon all fours:
For John beheld him fast and sure,
Retain'd i' the Rabbins' *Ligature*. †)

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a distinguished martial and literary character of the 16th century, whom Paulus Jovius, supported by Martin del Rio and other Dæmonographers, has stigmatized as a Necromancer, and maintained that he had always attending on him a devil in the shape of a black Dog, from whose neck Agrippa, on the approach of death, took off a magical collar, and bidding him go, the Dog ran away, leapt into the Saone, and was seen no more.

John Wierus, Agrippa's domestic, testifies that this black Dog was a true dog, that his name was 'Monsieur,' and adds: 'quem ego nimirum non raro, ubi Agrippam sectarer, loro ex pilis concinnato alligatum duxi; at verè naturalis erat canis masculus, cui alias fœmellam ferè colore et reliquâ corporis constitutione similem, quam Gallicè,' Madamoiselle, 'appellabat, me præsente, adjunxit.'

JO. WIER. DE MAGIS, C. V. p. 3.

† *The Rabbins' ligature.*

Among the numerous extravagancies which characterize the traditions of the *Rabbins*, the following is said to be One:

'When all the creatures were collected together that were to be saved from the general deluge, NOAH gave the domestic animals

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To be his privy-counsel minion,
And give him, without fee, opinion;

---

the liberty of ranging over the whole Ark; not, however, without a strict charge to abstain, during that season of calamity, from indulging their carnal appetites. Their continence, in general, was exemplary; but the Dog, unable to resist the desires of the flesh, or seduced by the attractions of his Bitch, ventured to transgress the command, and was detected by the Cat; who reported what she had seen to Noah. The Dog then, being convened to answer this heinous accusation, flatly denied the fact, like an impudent dog as he was, and called the cat a liar. Whereupon the dear innocent Cat, lifting up her eyes and hands to *her own* Heaven, (*as that Cat, Mrs. G— — said her daughter did*) prayed that her veracity might appear by some undeniable proof. And now, says the story, behold a Miracle! for, upon the very next transgression of the Dog and the Bitch, their Connexion was (*for the first time,* and unlike that of all other animals,) involuntarily protracted by a shameful *ligature* till the Cat-*informant* had time to engage Noah himself to come and witness the justice of her charge; who dealt with the respective parties according to their deserts.'

The story adds, that the Dog never forgave the Cat this injury: and that the antipathy which his descendants still manifest to the Feline Species is derived from the prudish information that the Cat gave to Noah in the Ark.

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Or, like intelligencer *Pidgeon,*
Wing'd prop of Mahomet's religion,
To whisper in his ear orac'lar
Response to senatorial cackler.†
And as of old each fane, 'tis known,
No deity possess'd alone,
But underneath his shrine *incog,*
Retain'd some dev'lish Pedagogue,‡

---

† *Mahomet,* having taught a Pidgeon to come and pick peas out of his ear, made his followers believe that Bird was the vehicle by which Heaven was pleased to impart to him the revelations of its will.

‡ *But underneath his shrine incog*
Retain'd some dev'lish pedagogue.

———— reddatque *tuus* responsa *Sacerdos.*

STATIUS.

The madness and blindness of the Pagans, in respect to their oracles, cannot be sufficiently admired, the same being captious and obscure, and nothing else but the mere artifice of their Priests. . . . . If some oracles (according to the opinion of Vossius) have been counterfeited by the cunning persons *hid* in them, &c. DICT. OF RELIG. ART. ORACLE, 1704.

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Who taught his ignoramus sect
To pay their Idol due respect:
So they who ken our Consul Grand
Deem his Familiar near at hand,
And render homage on the spot:
As th' eastern worshippers did not
So much to Nebo or to Bel bow,
As to the devil at his elbow.

Revert we now to Council board,
Where Consul, Imp, and Perigord
(Like triple-headed Cerberus)
Sat to consider and discuss
Conservatorial Oration,
Retail'd by chief of deputation:
And, having weigh'd it, as refin'd
And pithy a return in kind
(I' the name of one of them, and he
The blackest of these black-birds three,)
They sent express to their mungrèl house
Of SENATORIAL PUNCHINELLOS.

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MESSAGE.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC, TO THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR.

TRUSTY and well-belov'd Patricians! †
For sending me such rhetoricians
As *Those*, deputed to address
My consular unworthiness,
Accept my thanks: and, let me say,
Their rhetoric is not thrown away:
Each metaphor and trope 's a good one,
Which memory serves to chew the cud on;

---

† *Trusty and well-beloved Patricians, &c.*

MESSAGE.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC, TO THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR.

"Senators—*Your Address* of the 6th last Germinal *has never* "*ceased to be present to my thoughts.* It has been the object of my "most constant meditation."

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Position and his page Illation
Are caterers to my meditation;
And my mind's appetite appease
With *intellectual fricassees:*
For Dialectic better basted
With eulogy I've seldom tasted.
To shelter from *dire* ENGLISH PLOTS ‡
Frenchmen, (that 's ME, who rule the sots,)
And keep 'em to my service steady
You've, in your wisdom, judg'd already
That 'twas expedient to invest
Him who knows how to rein 'em best
With pow'r to name what son of a whore
He chooses for his successor;
Yet still you reckon France his debtor:
And, as your wish is to unfetter

---

‡ *To shelter from dire English plots, &c.*

"You have judged the hereditary power of the supreme ma-
"gistracy necessary, in order to shelter the French People com-
"pletely from the plots of our enemies, and from the agitations
"which arise from rival ambitions."

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Her sons, you deem beneath his foot
To lay her neck 's the way to do 't.
Such is your notion, though you doubt,
It seems, whether you should speak out,
Because the mode on which you fall
Some folks may term eccentrical;
Thoughtless with whom you have to deal:
For, just as *Pigs* grunt, growl, and squeal,
And when, with cord tied to their toe
You pull 'em this way, that way go;‖
And are no progress found t' have made
Till swineherd drives them retrogade:
So, when aloud your Frenchmen cry
For Freedom and Equality!
Upon their backs leap up and ride,
You'll find 'em *fully satisfied.*
Excuse, my friends, this patriot boast!—
The Grand Truth, that like finger-post

‖ 'It is said the only way to make a pig go forward is to pull him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs.'
BOS. HEBRIDES, p. 369.

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Directs me as I spur my steed
Through Policy's cross-roads full speed,
Is this: that SOV'REIGNTY resides
(Like mange or itch) *in Frenchmen's hides,* §
Which I feel vast solicitude
To 'noint and curry for their good,
Their int'rest, happiness, and glory:
Hence 'tis these powers castigatory
Exist of Magistrate supreme,
High Council, and your plodding team
Of Senators through thick and thin
That drag my Consular machine;

---

§ ———————— *Sovereignty resides*
(Like mange or itch) in Frenchmen's hides.

"We *have* been constantly *guided* by this grand *truth*, that the *Sove-*
" *reignty resides in the French People*, in the sense that every thing,
" without exception, ought to be done for its interest, its happi-
" ness, and its glory. It is in order to attain this end, that the
" Supreme Magistracy, the Senate, the Council of State, the
" Legislative Body, the Electoral Body, the Electoral Colleges,
" and the different branches of the Administration, are and ought
" to be instituted."

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA
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Loud barking Legislative bodies,
Colleges of Electoral noddies,
Legions of honour, prefectures,
State shreds, of which my craft and yours
Frame, by adroit consarcination,
Our Joseph's-coat administration
Blood-stained, though not with blood of beast,
As was *that* party-coloured vest;
But what has serv'd t' incarnadine
As well—with blood of Bourbon's line.†
Whilst I, to eternize our fame
All these fine institutions frame,
And hourly hatch some fresh device
Of France to make a *Paradise*,
My brains their loose ideas scatter, ‡
Which scramble o'er my pia-mater

---

† ——— *with blood of Bourbon's line.*

Viz. the *Blood* of the Duke D'Enghien shed by the Consul's executioners at midnight in the wood of Vincennes.

‡ *My brains their loose ideas scatter.*

" In proportion as I fix my attention upon these great objects,

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(As maggots — for there's little difference—
Gain from crack'd filberds goal deliv'rance)
And nothing but the interference
Of your great wisdom and experience
Can e'er enable me to chain
And fix the whelps to kennel brain.
Then write me what your pates comprise ‡
Conceits, opinions, fantasies,
Whims, megrims, and in short, the whole
Contents of ev'ry jobberknol.
Come, here's a penny for your thought!
And dearer penn'worth ne'er was bought:
Since, when obstetric Pen and Ink
Deliver you of what you think,

" I am still more convinced of the *verity* of *those sentiments* which " I have expressed to you, and I feel more and more that in a " circumstance as new as it is important, the councils of your wis- " dom and experience were necessary to enable me *to fix my ideas.*"

‡ *Then write me what your pates comprise, &c.*

" I request you then to make *known to me the whole of your* " *thoughts.*"

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When of each Senatorial block
The genuine cogitation stock
(As by these presents I require)
To me shall be transferr'd entire,
And, when 't shall be to sound transmuted
By tongue of *trumpeter* deputed,
Your Consul, you must all allow
Will be as wise as he is now.
To Me, your CHOSEN VESSEL, bound
And hoop'd by France, with glory round,
With honour stuff'd from heel to crown,
And running over with renown,
To consul, hero, politician§
Like ME can Frenchmen make addition?
(That is to say: except French hatter,
Who *adds* a cubit to my stature)

---

§ *To consul, hero, politician*
Like Me can Frenchmen make addition?

"The French People can add nothing to the honour and glory "with which it has surrounded me."

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No.—on the contrary, let France ‖
Grow great from my exuberance,
Derive from my grand reservoir
Of Institutions, named afore,
Security and permanence
To those advantages immense
Which her *blest* Revolution wrought;
A Revolution cheaply bought,
To Us how trifling seems the price!
Abandonment and sacrifice
Of justice, faith, humanity,
Baubles that we set nothing by:
A Revolution thorough-bred,
With blood produced, baptized and fed;
That scorn'd by halves to do its work,
But topsy-turvy, with a jerk,

‖ *No.—on the contrary, let France*
Grow great from my exuberance.

" But the most sacred duty for me, as it is the dearest to my " heart, is to secure to its latest posterity those advantages which it " has acquired by a revolution," &c. &c.

Digitized by Google

Turn'd Crown and Sceptre, Church and State:
That Sov'reignty legitimate
Barter'd for cut-throat Anarchy,
And guillotine Philanthropy;
For cobbling Directorial Fools,
And ME, who push'd 'em from their stools.
This was rare revolution sport!
You, Sirs! and I, are better for't.
And well dispos'd, I trow, to keep
Th' advantages that thence we reap.
For such advantages in swarms ‡
Frenchmen, spontaneous, ran to arms;
Some millions of them went to pot §
'Tis true, hang'd, guillotin'd and shot:

---

‡ *For such advantages in swarms*
Frenchmen, spontaneous, ran to arms, &c.

"I desire that I might declare to you, on the 14th July, in the "present year. Fifteen years have past, since by a spontaneous "movement you ran to arms."

§ *Some millions of them went to pot.*

"Millions of brave citizens have died in defence of their rights."

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So much the better, since 'tis clear,
'The fewer mouths the better chear.'
And, take my word for't, the repast
We're victuall'd with will ever last
WE who on Freedom (feast divine !)
Equality and Glory dine.
And, since we're *equal all,* I swear
That each of us alike shall fare !
As provident Hibernian whoreson
(Who took the turkey to *his* portion,
And 'mongst his guests, twelve hungry sharks,
Distributed a dozen larks :)
Exclaim'd : — " You 're welcome, on my word !
" Fall to, Sirs ! every man his bird."
Freedom ! Equality ! and Glory ! ‖
These are the cates I set before ye !
Rouze up courageous appetite !
Feed, hungry Frenchmen ! feed in spite

‖ *Freedom, equality and glory.*

" You *acquired liberty, equality,* and *glory.*"

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Of British foes (how I abhor 'em !)
Who make a noise, — or *we do* for 'em —
With their *black* PLOTS, plots black as crows !
To undermine or overthrow us.
Covert or overt no attacks,
No meddling Drake that plots or quacks,
No insulary queu'd or cropp'd-head,
Shall th' institutes that we've adopted
(Institutes like thy sturdy leather §
Gall' gaskins, CRACHERODE ! that weather
Wind, storm and sunshine, clime and tide
On th' earth's circumference defied,)
Unravel ; no dire enterprize †
Of our most mortal enemies

---

§ ——— *thy sturdy leather*
Gall' gaskins, Cracherode, &c.

Colonel Cracherode who circumnavigated the Globe with Lord Anson, and who landed at Plymouth on his return in the self same pair of *old* leathern breeches which he wore when he commenced his voyage.

† ——— *no dire enterprize*
Of our most mortal enemies
O'erset 'em ; &c.

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O'erset 'em; maugre grim JOHN BULL,
We'll rant and huff our bellies full,
As best becomes our dignity
And rights, all guaranteed by me:
For 'tis by ME you 're *dignified*,
Made *free* and *happy* too beside:
Free as the wind in key-hole narrow!
Happy as toads beneath a harrow!"
Their MASTER's mandate read and heard,
Th' obsequious Senate every word

" These first blessings of nations are *now secured to you for ever*,
" are sheltered from every tempest, they are preserved to you and
" to your children: institutions conceived and began in the midst
" of the storms of interior and exterior wars, developed with con-
" stancy, are just terminated in the noise of the attempts and *plots*
" *of our most mortal enemies*, by the adoption of every thing which
" the experience of centuries and of nations has demonstrated as
" proper to guarantee the rights which the nation had judged ne-
" cessary for its dignity, its liberty, and its happiness.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

By the First Consul.

The Secretary of State, signed, H. B. MARET."

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Applauded, swallow'd and digested :
Yet swore among them not the best head
Could have conceiv'd the least suspicion
That he'd have put in requisition
Their THOUGHTS, or laid, on the *stale* cargo
Their heads were freighted with, embargo :
Or that the secret he had got
T' elicit from Idëa-pot
Its saturn, and transmute its store
Of pond'rous trash to precious ore.
Yet since he bade their thoughts take wind,
And, manumis'd, leave cranium rind
A void, unfurnish'd, empty, bare bone ;
'Twas fit they put their Sunday garb on :
So they resolv'd that every pate
Its thoughts should dress, trim, decorate,
Bespangle like a Lord-mayor's lady,
Or chimney-sweeper on a May-day.
These thoughts, thus tailor'd in a trice and
With tinsel sophistry bedizen'd,
(As druggists gild, when quacks bespeak 'em,
Pills ordurous of Album Græcum)

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Serv'd to compose th' *expected* Answer
To the GRAND CONSULAR DRAWCANSIR.

REPLY OF THE SENATE.

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

FIRST Consul your responsive Scroll ‡
Plays a first fiddle to the wishes
And expectations of the shoal
Of your Conservative queer Fishes.

---

‡ *First Consul! your responsive scroll.*

REPLY OF THE SENATE.

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Citizen First Consul — You have, by a memorable message, "just replied in a manner worthy of you, and of the *Great* Nation "which has appointed you its Chief, to the wishes which the Senate "expressed to you, and to the solicitudes inspired in it by the love "of the country."

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Great Master! to your potent lay
Each heart in unison replies:
When You, like Orpheus, sound your *A*,
All our brute cat-guts symphonize!
You ask what schemes Conjecture brews §
T' insure equality and freedom?
Then, since you 've given us our cues,
You 'll in our countenances read 'em.
O mark, dread Sir! your slaves' grimaces
Who to your foot-stool bow the knee!
You'll ken the *triumph*, in *their faces*,
Of Freedom and Equality!
And little doubt we in the sequel
O' the farce (with help of Satan's elves)
To make all France as free, as equal,
And independent as *ourselves*.

---

§ *You ask what schemes Conjecture brews.*

" You desire, Citizen First Consul, *to become acquainted with the* " *opinion of the Senate, concerning those institutions of ours which we* " *conceive should be improved, in order henceforth to secure the triumph* " *of Equality and public Liberty, and to present to the Nation and to the* " *Government, the double guarantee of which they are in want.*"

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From Rumbold, Spencer, Smith, and Drake,
About whose plots we make a fuss,
And agitations dire that take
Their rise from rogues that rival us,
Our *mild* and *gracious* Government
From dreaded foes like these to free,
And the Great Nation to present
With needful *double guarantee*,
We 've sat, till sedative effect
Benumb'd each senatorial crup';
For WE the people's right protect †
And keep them sure and safe lock'd up.
We 'll shew your Consulship astute
What in our sitting we have hatch'd;
And tender you the precious fruit
Of meditations yet unmatch'd.

---

† *For we the people's rights protect.*

" The Senate have assembled together, and carefully compared " the results of the meditations of its members, the fruits of their " experience, the effects of the zeal with which they are animated, " for the prosperity of the people, whose rights *they* are appointed " to *proteet*."

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Your Senate has recalled the Past,†
  Has seen what gorgeous hues have tinted
The Present Time's complexion, last
  Of all we 've at the Future squinted:
And now to You that wish express
  The safety of the state imposes,
Through revolution wilderness
  Who led them like another Moses.
Under your conduct Frenchmen stout
  Have *conquered* LIBERTY 'tis said:
And who disputes the fact?—no doubt
  She's conquer'd whom you've knock'd o'th'head.
They wish to *keep* this Conquest gain'd,
  They wish repaid their *honest* toil;
And, Liberty's best life-blood drain'd,
  To rest and batten on her spoil.

---

‡ *Your Senate has recalled the past*, &c.

" Having recalled the past, examined the present, and cast its " looks towards the future, it now presents to you the wish imposed " on it by the safety of the State.

" The French have *conquered Liberty*, they wish to preserve their " conquest; they wish to enjoy repose after their victory."

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And they would owe this wish'd repose
To Him whose plaudits late we sang,†
A Chief *hereditary*, chose
The desp'rate captain of their gang.
Him they'll invest with majesty,
With splendour, pomp, and glory deck;
Raise him on Pow'r's proud arch so high
That he may chance to break his neck.
Thus rais'd, EQUALITY shall bless
Our land, obedient to *his* call;
And grateful multitudes confess
Frenchmen enslaved are *equals* all.

---

† *And they would owe this wished repose*
To him, &c.

" For this glorious repose they will be indebted to the heredi-
" tary Government of a single individual, who, elevated above
" all, invested with great power, surrounded by splendour, glory,
" and majesty, will defend public liberty, maintain equality, and
" *lower his fasces* before the sovereign will of the people who pre-
" claim him."

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Let him but domineer his fill,
  And overtop us like a steeple,
Gods! how he 'll *truckle* to the will
  And pleasure of the Sov'reign People!
For thus the rope-dancer, who tries
  T' enchant a set of barren blockheads,
Grins widest when *aloft* he flies
  T' extract the half-pence from their pockets.
'Twas of Supremacy so fine
  France wish'd to make herself a present †
In sev'nteen hundred eighty-nine,
  Those days *incomparably pleasant!*

---

† *'Twas of Supremacy so fine*
France wish'd to make herself a present.

" It is this Government which the French Nation wished to give " itself in *the happy days of the year* 1789, the recollection of " which will be for ever dear to the friends of the Country, . . . " . . . . . and in which the experience of ages, the reason " of statesmen, the genius of philosophy, and the love of hu- " manity, inspired the representatives whom the Nation had " chosen."

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Hence their mild Monarch they disdain'd,
Dethron'd, and murder'd by their votes:
And thus the privilege obtain'd
Of cutting one-another's throats.
Though that BLEST ERA, ever dear
To Gallic lambkins and their friends,
Is fled, *your* government (no fear!)
Will, for its absence, make amends.
The government we now describe,
Of ONE grand Despot paramount,
All our sage philosophic tribe
The best of governments account:
With such a Bridle for French Mules
You'll find no other of a piece:
'Tis sanction'd by no lesser fools
Than those of Rome, and those of Greece. ‡

---

‡ *'Tis sanctioned by no lesser fools, &c.*

"It is this Government, *limited by the law*, which the greatest "genius of Greece, the most celebrated Orator of Rome, and the "greatest Statesman of the eighteenth century, declared to be "the best of all."

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Yet must our Despot be content
Of law to bear the wholesome check:
Viz: that same bell which micelings meant
To hang around Grimalkin's neck.
Then shall subside each dang'rous claim ‡
Of rival chiefs, whose greatness grows so,
'Twill soon eclipse Rolando's fame,
And thine, Orlando Furioso!
Hear, by th' historian's pen confess'd,
Great Rome beneath her factions groan! ‖
What rival rogues her realm oppress'd,
Till seiz'd ROGUE UPPERMOST her throne!

---

‡ *Then shall subside each dang'rous claim, &c.*

" It is that alone which can put an end to dangerous rivalities " in a country covered with numerous armies, and commanded by " great Captains."

‖ *Hear by th' historian's pen confess'd,*
Great Rome beneath her factions groan.

" Bids us to regard the City of the Cæsars, the capital of the " world, a prey to all the disorders, crimes, and furies, which " the gold, the sword, and the poison of the competitors for the

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Read the long schedule of her crimes,
  Wrought by craft, poison, steel and gold!
You 'd think no tale of *other* times
  But of *your blissful* Age was told.
'Tis manifested by our Magis' §
  Reck'nings (you'll purchase for a penny 'em)
That clean elaps'd are FIFTEEN AGES
  Since first commenc'd our French Millennium.

" Empire could create, until an hereditary power replaced a " monstrous assemblage of contested elections, ludicrous sanctions, " uncertain decisions, unacknowledged adoptions, and despised " acclamations."

§ *'Tis manifested by our Magis'*
Reckonings (you'll purchase for a penny 'em)

" After the FIFTEEN AGES which have elapsed since the year " 1789, after all the catastrophies which have succeeded each " other; after the numberless dangers which have surrounded the " social body, and when we saw the abyss opened, into which " they seemed resolved to cast it, before the Saviour of France " was restored to us," &c. &c.

MARESIUS of Picardy, in his reply to Serrarius, represents the Millennarians as pretending that the prosperity of the Church

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Hence, by deduction, it appears
(Unless each Mage turn out a calf)
If the Saint's reign 's a thousand years,
Ours reign'd a thousand and a half.

---

depends on the destruction of all temporal powers, and as exciting the people to insurrection that they may bring in the Golden Age of Christianity or Reign of a *Thousand* Years; and observes that, according to Alstidius, this Monarchy should begin in 1694. Commenius said that it was to commence in 1672. Cerinthus, one of the chief heads of the Millennarians, is said to have taught that the Millennium would consist in a terrestrial reign of Jesus Christ, a time of temporal prosperity and voluptuousness.

We see that these Millennarian prognosticators were out in their reckoning; and that the TRUE MILLENNIUM commenced in the *happy days* of 1789. (See a former Note, p. 33.) From which period to the present time—every single year, being, by French arithmetic, multiplied to a century—gives the FIFTEEN AGES or Millennium and half of our Modern French Saints; who, although they appear infinitely more devoted to *their Corsican* Saviour than to any other, instead of expecting him, as former Millennarians did, at the *beginning* of their Saintly Reign, have been content to wait for his Advent till the whole of their's has elapsed: amply repaid for their patience by the blessings it showers on them in full measure shaken down and running over.

——— redeunt SATURNIA REGNA!

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What wonder then Our Saviour's come! †
We fear'd he had forgot his day!—
Though 'twill be thought and said by some
'Comes aught that 's good from Corsica!'
But graceless miscreants such must be,
And would, like unbelieving Jews,
This Saviour crucify—while we
Fall down, dread Lord! and kiss your shoes.
To you and your august Fire-side ‡
Your uncle, brothers, cousins-german,
And cater-cousins we confide,
Goods, chattels, bastards, wives, and vermin.

---

† *What wonder then* our *Saviour's come.*

The Mayor of Rouen told Bonaparte that he was not only the *Saviour* of France, but of all the World.

HIST. FRENCH CONSULATE, p. 441.

‡ *To you and your august Fire-side*, &c.

"What other Government than that of a single individual, re-
"gulated by the law for the happiness of all, and confided to a
"*family* whose destiny is inseparable from that of the revolution,
"could protect the fortune of so great a number of Citizens, be-
"come holders of landed property, which a counter-revolution
"would snatch from them."

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With yours our vital thread so close is
  Entwin'd on Clotho's worsted ball,
That after your apotheosis
  Your Senate may sing "Up tails all!" †
When you're translated to the skies
  Conservateurs must, ev'ry man, turn
If hoodwink'd France but ope her eyes,
  Illustrious Pendants *de la lanterne.*
We Counter-revolution fear:
  It would so shock each conscience tender
Our landed property *so dear,*
  To the right Owners to surrender!

---

† *Your Senate may sing—"Up tails all!"*

This Song, or rather Burthen of a Song, is commonly sung, by way of Finalé—instead of the customary Psalm under the Gallows—by those Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous of ensuring posthumous celebrity, from having (to use the Newgate Idiom) "*died* GAME."

The first half of this Burthen only is given in the text—but the whole of it (agreeably to the spirit of fair quotation) is here subjoined, not without just apprehension of the shock it may inflict on the Reader's delicacy:

"Up tails all! and a Louse for the Hangman!"

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Then to some Arch-marauder's claim,
'Tis fit that lesser knaves knock under,
Who (since his all's stak'd on our game)
May give stability to plunder.
May *guarantee* from guillotines
French heads, which pretty much resemble
The heads of China Mandarins,
That on their shoulders shake and tremble.
Protection they deserve at least,‖
Who, to be faithful, true, and loyal,
Have never for a moment ceas'd
T' his *sacred Majesty*.MOB-ROYAL.
Nor they alone, but those misled
By Honour's Will-o'-the-Wisp at first,
Till they took up *our* trade for bread,
And now you'd scarce tell which is worst.

‖ *Protection they deserve at least,*
Who, to be faithful, &c.

"What other government can guarantee the heads of French-
"men who have never ceased to be faithful to the sovereign peo-
"ple, and even defend the existence of those, who *misled* in the
"beginning of our political torments, have claimed and obtained
"the indulgence of their country."

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Say, what can shelter rogues so well,
What can, but such despotic Ægis, ‡
Those execrable plots repel
'Gainst you and heroes *tui gregis?*
Three sister Gorgons' effigies
Each turn'd spectators into stone;
We'd have our government comprise
Their triple terrors in its own.
We've need of threefold pow'r, no doubt,
While plots on plots these English hatch up;
Plots that, like mushrooms, faster sprout
Than cooks translate them into catsup.
Else may not Fortune, though she's play'd
Into our hands her trumps so fast,
(Like tergiversing renegade,)
To Justice turn us o'er at last?

---

‡ *What can, but such despotic Ægis,*
Those execrable plots repel?

"What other ægis than *that* Government, can for ever repel "those execrable *Plots*, which re-producing themselves under every "form, setting every spring at work, one day overturned and the "next re-appearing, might at length finish by *tiring out* Fortune."

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And, though so long we've kept the trull,
She, like some other whores as common,
Tir'd of the trade, may woo JOHN BULL
To make of her an honest woman.
What but *such* government can screen
From vengeful shot your palm-crown'd brow,
And keep those laurels fresh and green
That France has gather'd, God knows how! ‡
Of these your godless enemies
Fain would your honour'd pate unrig
With sacrilegious hands, like his
Who doff'd in Church the sexton's wig.

---

‡ *What but such government can screen*
From vengeful shot your palm-crown'd brow
And keep those laurels fresh and green, &c.

"What other government in short can for ever preserve that "acquisition so dear to a generous nation, those palms of genius, "and those laurels of victory, which the enemies of France would "with sacrilegious hands snatch from her august brow!

"This hereditary Government can only be confided to Napoleon "Bonaparte and his family.

"Glory, gratitude, love, reason, the interest of the State, all "proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte hereditary Emperor."

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We now the goal approximate
Our noses pointed at; You've spied it:
This Government of which we prate
To You and Your's must be confided.
Love, Glory, Gratitude, proclaim
Aloud, like trio of town-criers,
Napoleon Bonaparte's name!
The EMPEROR that France requires!
State int'rest too (we mean our own,)
Concurs, and Reason—*take our word*—
Hails your election, though *her* drone
Amidst our chorus can't be heard.
But, Emp'ror! Consul! Citizen!
Th' advantage of our Social Pact
Should last till nobody knows when,
Whole, and, *like your renown,* intact.
For, by this grand Election, we,
Conservateurs, the rights are sworn,
And happiness to guarantee
Of generations yet unborn.†

---

† ——— *The rights*
Of generations yet unborn.

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So he who Patent Sash-frames plann'd,
To gain his project due regard,
Swore they would last for ever, and
Sell for old iron *afterward.*
All wise precautions next we pray ‡
Our Emperor will not forget to
Employ, our civil storms t' allay,
To wit: *lead, opium, stiletto.*

" But, Citizen First Consul, the benefit of our social pact " ought to endure, *if possible,* as long as your renown.

" We ought to ensure the happiness, and guarantee the rights " of generations to come."

‡ *All wise precautions next we pray*
Our Emperor will not forget to.

" The Imperial Government ought to be unshaken.

" Let not the forgetfulness of precautions, called for by wisdom, " suffer the storms of an ill-organized regency to succeed the tem- " pest of an Elective Government.

" Liberty and Equality must be held sacred, the social pact " must not be violated; the *Sovereignty of the People must be ac-* " *knowledged,* in order that at the most distant times the nation " may not be forced again to seize its power and avenge its out- " raged majesty."

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Unshaken that your throne may be,
'Tis fit your subjects should be told
That *they* possess the Sov'reignty:—
You'll find them easily cajol'd.
Tell them besides, what sacred things
You hold Equality and Freedom:
But, *since the people all are kings*,
Of course they'll neither have, nor need 'em.
If, as we vouch who know them best,
Fanfaronade will serve their turn, is 't
Too much to make them kings in jest,
While You are Emperor in earnest?
Our blatant Beast the rabble-rout,
If for your work you 'd have him fit,
Hang gew-gaw bells his neck about,
But rein him with your sharpest bit.
In vain to break him in have tried
Jockeys rash, timorous, enervate:
You mounted on his back shall ride
To hell, howe'er he kick or curvet. †

† *You mounted on his back shall ride*
To Hell, &c.

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To you, great Emp'ror! and your heirs
Her dearest int'rests France commits †
And Frenchmen give you all that's theirs
Except (what they have lost) their wits.

From his Senate's representations we must believe Frenchmen to have been as much wedded to Bonaparte, and bent on making him an *Emperor*, as King Cophetua was wedded to the Beggar-wench, and bent on making her a *Queen:* and that we have not *here* mistaken our Hero's destination will be evident from the proverb that tells us *where* a Beggar will ride to, when you set him on horseback.

Imus præcipites!

JUVENAL.

† *To you great Emp'ror! and your heirs*
Her dearest interest France commits.

"The Senate is of opinion, Citizen First Consul, that it is for "the dearest interests of the French People, to confide the Go- "vernment of the Republic to Napoleon Bonaparte, hereditary "Emperor."

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Fresh manufactur'd in your school
Of senatorial politicians
Deign, Sir, accept a schedule full‡
Of TUTELARY DISPOSITIONS.
These will the ends and aims enforce
Of all our Institutions *wise*,
And set you up on the great horse
Of our supreme Authorities;
To those Authorities give nerve,
And independant as yourself
Make them, except when it shall serve
Your turn to lay them on the shelf.

---

‡ *Deign, Sir! accept a schedule full*
Of tutelary dispositions.

" It developes, in the memorial which it annexes to its message, " the dispositions which appear to it the most proper to give to our " Institutions the necessary force to guarantee to the nation its " dearest rights, by securing the independence of the great au- " thorities, the free and enlightened vote of impost, the security " of prosperity, the liberty of individuals, of the press, and of " elections."

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They'll teach you to transform French curs
  Into what form and shape you like:
Bid Generals turn burglarers,‡
  Right-reverend Bishops trail a pike. ‖
They 'll our *prosperity* effect
  In rivetting a little faster
The chains with which French slaves are deck'd
  By their imperial Lord and Master.

---

‡ *Bid Generals turn burglarers.*

A Private Letter from Hamburgh, (speaking of the Burglary committed at the house of Sir G. Rumbold, under the conduct, as it is reported, of Officers of the Staff, and the seizure of his person,) says: "Among other *suspicious* pieces seized by the French marauders, "were three thousand marks in cash, which he, the day before, "had taken from the Banking-house of Messrs. Thornton and Co. "for some momentary expenses. Of his wardrobe and linen no-"thing remains, every thing being plundered; even his books were "torn to pieces or carried away.

‖ *And rev'rend Bishops trail a pike.*

For an illustration of this line, the Reader is referred to the Archbishop of Arras's Pastoral Letter, addressed to his Diocesans, on the subject of the Military Conscription, in the latter end of the Year 1803.

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Thus disciplin'd our Nation Grand
Those instruments of good shall bless,
Confided to your *righteous* hand:
Elections, imposts, and the press.
These Dispositions *tutelary*
If, while his senators cry: Amen,
Napoleon sanctions them, we swear he
Shall be our Decus et Tutamen.
These dispositions, we insist
Will Frenchmen safety yield and shelter,‡
Then under Rival Chiefs to list
They shall no more run helter-skelter.
Then hostile plotters shall be humbled,
And you, French Emp'ror! we French Freemen,
Shall no more fear Smith, Drake and Rumbold,
Than *any other three old women.*

---

‡ *These dispositions*
Frenchmen safety yield and shelter.

"These tutelary dispositions, Citizen First Consul, *will completely* "*shelter the French people from the plots of their enemies, and from* "*those agitations which take their rise from ambitious rivals,* they will "maintain the reign of the law, of Liberty and Equality."

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Th' exhaustless love which Frenchmen bear
Your person § so petit and proper,
(In figure, colour, shape and air,
That vies with a tobacco-stopper,)
Transmitted by your Gallic flock
Shall be to each ador'd descendant
Of the *great* Bonaparte Stock:
Oh, may we never see an end on't!
Th' immortal glory of your name,
With this our red-hot love allied,
As close as canister, for game
Of school-boy, to a dog's tail tied,
Shall so incorporate, unite,
Amalgamate, secundum artem,
The Prince's pow'r, the People's right,
Nor gold nor gun-powder shall part 'em,

---

§ *Th' exhaustless love which Frenchmen bear*
Your person, &c.

"The love of the French for your person, transmitted to your "successors with the immortal glory of your name, will for ever "connect the rights of the Nation, with the power of the Prince."

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Our Grand Republic † — I should call
'T our Monarchy, or both together —
Our State *hermaphroditical,*
Shall brave time, turn-coats, wind and weather.

---

† *Our Grand Republic,* &c.

" The social pact will brave time.

" The Republic, as immutable as its vast territory, will behold " political tempests gather round it in vain.

" To shake it the whole World must be shaken, and posterity in " calling to recollection the *prodigies* ¶ brought about by your " genius, will continually behold erect that immense monument of " every thing for which the country will be indebted to you.

" The Vice President and Secretaries.

" Signed, François (de Neufchateau) Vice President.

" Morard de Galles, Joseph Cornudet, Secretaries.

" The Chancellor of the Senate, signed, Laplace."

¶ Sire! il est vrai que votre vie est *tissue de prodiges.*

F. NEUFCHATEAU.

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To this OUR MONSTER, like tom-tit
Would seem leviathan or kraken : ‡
To give it but one ague-fit
Earth to her centre must be shaken.
Posterity when they reflect
What prodigies our Emp'ror's genius
Has wrought, will aye behold erect
That MONUMENT, *ære perennius,*
Which, by enthroning YOU we 've rear'd,
To shew how much we are your debtors
For all the favours you 've conferr'd—
One word comprises them : — OUR FETTERS !

---

‡ *Leviathan or kraken.*

The Kraken or Corven, a fish so enormous as to have been sometimes mistaken for an island.

See GUTHRIE'S ACCOUNT OF THE NORTHERN OCEAN.

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CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

OPERATORS at a stand without their tools — The Devil must have fools to work with — Address of the Senate a signal to other classes and descriptions of Frenchmen — Adulatory Explosions follow — Compensation to the Panegyrists of the First Consul — Thumbs and toes — Tabarders — Persian Kebbers — Adonibezek — Panurge and Dingdong the Mutton Merchant — Generative effect of Senatus-Consultum — Sarah, Dachess of M— — —. — Infernal Spirits' report to Satan — Legion and herd of Swine — Missionary Devils and French Republicans — *Eighth* Course of Mr. Drake — The latter have sold themselves to be trampled on — Insurance of stolen goods to plunderers the basis of Freedom and Equality — Hamlet's Ghost — Transmutation of toad-eaters — Democritus and Heraclitus — Parisian Gratitude, gunpowder and resin — Religious and profane Farces — Nebuchadnezzar's Dutch Concert — Holy water white washing — Two points wanting to the Game — Parallel case of Syrian Leper and Napoleon — The Pope invited to crown the French Emperor — Declines accepting the invitation — Deficiency of Ampulla and consecrated Chrism — Bonaparte twice as religious as other princes — Witch and besom — Devil's apprehensions of the increase of Heresy — Cotytto's rites — Cartwheel nave — Emperor's Head and Yorkshire Pudding.

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CANTO III.

WHAT unavoidable stagnation
Must paralyze all operation,
Did Ingenuity and Nature
Furnish no tools for th' operator!
Take from the barrister his brief,
And who'll from gibbet save a thief?
Your cook a frying-pan deny,
Fish you may have, but none to fry;
Lock up axe, hammer, saws, and chissel,
Joiners and carpenters go whistle:
On drugs and fees lay prohibitions,
You'll famish sextons and physicians:
Thus, should there chance to be a dearth
Of implements call'd *Fools* on earth,
'Twould Nick so puzzle to ensnare us,
He might shut up his mischief-warehouse;

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His imps might all go pare their nails,
Or play, like kittens, with their tails:
But, for his consolation, there is
No fear of such a dearth at Paris,
As all who read its trash must own
Has been to demonstration shown.
Yet 'twere injustice to conclude
There are not other fools as good-
For-nothing found throughout the realm,
As they who're station'd near the helm;
Aye, and as many to be bought
As of stale pilchards for a groat.
This truth the Parliament of Hell,
Of whom we treated knew full well,
And, when they sent to Paris City,
Of members a select committee,
Their kind attentions they took care
That each Department too should share,
Where now were hard at work their elves,
T' instruct Monsieurs to sell themselves,
And lenient reign of Bourbon *Logs*,
Abjuring (just as Æsop's frogs

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Wound up *their* revolution work)
Allegiance swear to Emp'ror STORK.
Hence 'twas this flaming frankincense
Of senatorial eloquence,
These fustian offerings superfine
Serv'd up at CYRNIAN IDOL'S shrine,†
(Like clamorous signal-guns' reports)
Summon'd jack-puddings of all sorts,
Civil, prelatical, and martial,
To play their antics in the farce all:
Larded with flattery coarse as mortar,
Addresses pour'd from every quarter,
Mayors and municipalities
Now vied in parasitic lies,
Divines made it a point of conscience
To preach adulatory nonsense;
Commanders of each camp and squadron,
(You might have fancied them all mad run,)
In eulogistical explosions
Discharg'd their quota of devotions;

† Cyrnus, the antient name of the Island of Corsica.

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With Flattery's breath up to the stars
Puffing their consulary Mars,
(As butchers stinking veal inflate
To sell it at a dearer rate)
Whilst HE, their land's and Europe's scourger,
For whom their servile souls they perjure,
In compensation for their lies,
Apostacy, and perjuries,
Grave as another Solomon,
Vows that they're *Sov'reigns* ev'ry one,
And welcome—since they're so inclin'd—
To pick the bones when he has dined,
" Provided of your thumbs and toes‡
" Great Sirs!" quoth he, " I may dispose

---

‡ *Provided 'of your thumbs and toes,*
Great Sirs! quoth he, I may dispose.

Instead of the tokens of feudal servitude abolished in France, its new Sovereign is graciously content to demand the offering of the Thumbs and Toes of his *Good* Subjects, viz. their implicit acquiescence and submission, while he *binds them hand and foot* by the effect of those Castigatory Powers and *wholesome* institutions before enumerated.

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" In virtue of that right *divine*,
" By which I've mark'd you all for mine ;†
" As I have mark'd most of our neighbours
" O' the Continent. So Persian KEBBERS,‡

---

† *In virtue of that right divine*, &c.

Archbishop Boisgelin calls Bonaparte the "*new Charlemagne*, "*whom God has sent to govern the French Nation.*"

And our Hero, with his *accustomed modesty*, spoke of himself long since in the following terms: "Being satisfied in having been "*chosen by the Almighty God* to restore upon earth justice, order, "and equality," &c.

Bonaparte's Reply to the President of the Senate's Address on his Investiture with the Consulate for Life.

† *So Persian Kebbers*
When their Right Eye 's pick'd out by a raven
Become the property of Heaven.

Kebbers.—A description of Apostates, tolerated in the suburbs of Ispahan, called Kebrabath. When any one of them dies they let loose a Cock from the house of the deceased, and, if a Fox should chance to seize it, they conclude the soul to be saved: but they have another, which they regard as a surer proof. They dress the dead body in its best clothes and ornaments, carry it to the

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" When their right eye's pick'd out by a raven
" Become the property of Heaven:
" So *Hebrews* wont men's ears to bore,†
" Who serv'd them for it evermore.
" So Academic *Tabarders*
" Serv'd up, with roast-meat, thumbs of theirs.‡

---

church-yard, and set it upright against the wall, propped by a forked stick placed under its chin, and, if the Ravens, or other birds, chance to pick out its *Right Eye*, they conclude the party to be assuredly of the number of the Blessed; but if the Birds attack the other eye, they take it for an infallible proof, that the deceased Person is damned: and on this satisfactory evidence they throw the corpse in a disgraceful manner, with its head downwards, into a Pit.

† *So Hebrews wont, &c.*

See EXODUS, ch. xxi. v. 5. & 6.

‡ *So Academic Tabarders*
Serv'd up with roast meat, thumbs of theirs.

It was customary at Queen's College, in Oxford, for an humble class of Collegians, called 'Tabarders,' to stand in waiting with their Thumbs placed across each other on the High Table while the Senior Members were at dinner.

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" Trifles, like these, you well may spare them;
" But, till I want your noddles, wear them:
" And, though unthumb'd, when mischief's nigh,
" You'll have a finger in the pie.
" With such indulgence be content;
" Or, would you better precedent,
" To search the Scriptures don't forget,
" (Not of my *old friend* Mahomet,
" No countenance he'll get from me:
" *Moses* is now my protegé.)
" You'll find, where Canäan was smitten;
" In the first book of Judges written,
" Adoni-bezek long ago
" Serv'd scores of *other* sov'reigns so." ‖
Thus, when of Ding-dong's flock PANURGE
Toss'd overboard into the surge,

‖ *Adoni-bezek long ago*
Serv'd scores of other Sov'reigns so.

Adoni-bezek said: Threescore and ten Kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table. JUDGES, ch. i. v. 7.

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A Ram who, compliment so civil
Unus'd to, bleated like a devil;
The Mutton Corps who heard his bleating,
And thought the frolic worth repeating,
Deeming his somerset a sign
There was no beverage like brine,
Bae-ing and bleating loud as he,
Leap'd ev'ry one into the sea,
And for precedence strove in swallowing
Salt-water soup; while Ding-dong hallowing,
And catching hold of horns and tails,
They dragg'd to supper† with the whales,
Along with Ding-dong's understrappers
I' th' herring-pond all cutting capers.
While he whose unsuspected craft
Administer'd this saline draught,
With sanctified grimace and action,
Veiling the inward satisfaction,

---

† Dingdong's was a supper like that of Polonius.

"Now Hamlet! Where's Polonius?

"At supper.

"Not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

SHAKESPEARE.

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He felt to see 'em drown like vermin,
Preach'd from the deck their funeral sermon. †

---

† *Preach'd from the deck their funeral sermon.*

All on a sudden, I can't tell how it happened, the thing was so instantaneous, that I had not time to consider it, PANURGE, without saying a word, tossed overboard his Ram, *(purchased of the Sheep-Merchant who had insulted him)* baeing and bleating into the sea. All the other Sheep, baeing and bleating in the very same key, began to caper, vault, and throw themselves into the salt water one after another, contending who should take the first leap after their comrade. It was impossible to put them out of conceit with their frolick; as you know these silliest of all animals naturally follow the leader of their company wherever he goes. (Aristotle tells us the same thing, *lib.* 9. *de Hist. Anim.*)

The Sheep-Merchant, DING-DONG, quite distracted at the spectacle of his sheep perishing and drowning before his eyes, strove with all his might to prevent and restrain them; but his pains were fruitless: for they all successively plunged into the waves and perished. At length he caught fast hold, by the fleece, of a strapping, overgrown ram on the forecastle of the vessel, in hopes, by this last effort, of stopping him, and of preserving, in consequence, the remainder of his flock. The Ram, however, was so strong, that he leapt overboard into the sea and was drowned; carrying along with him the Merchant, in the same manner as the sheep of the one-eyed Cyclops, *Polyphemus*, carried out of that monster's

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Now his rank harvest KNAVERY kens,
Foster'd by Hell's choice influence,
Anxious to reap th' expected crop:—
Lo! from *Consulta-forging* SHOP,
Prolific Ordinance Senatûs,
Engenders Princes, like potatoes;
Raw, numerous, dirt-begotten, crude:
Besides a heterogeneous brood

---

cavern *Ulysses* and his companions. And thus also the other sheep-tenders and mutton-underlings (some laying hold of their favourite tups by the horns, others by the haunches, and others by the fleece) were dragged overboard into the ocean, and every mother's son of them miserably drowned.

Panurge, standing on the ship's stern, with an oar in his hand, not to assist those Mutton-mongers you may swear, but to prevent them from clambering up the sides of the ship and saving their bacon, preached to them the while, with all the eloquence of a brother Olivier Maillard, or his compeer brother John Burgess; expatiating, in common-place rhetorical flourishes, on the miseries of this world, and on the joys and happiness of the next; maintaining that the dead were far happier than those whom they left behind them in this vale of wretchedness, and promising to erect for every one of them a stately Cenotaph and honourable Sepulchre, loftier by half than Mount Cenis, at his return from Lantern-land. RABELAIS, LIV. IV. C. 8.

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Of jacks in office, harlequins,
Asses and mules in lion's skins:
Arch-chancellors, gen'ral Inspectors,
High Admiral, and great Electors:
With Highnesses Serene, just fit to
Drive wheelbarrows, Imperial ditto;
Marshals of th' empire, Excellencies,
Monseigneurs, such as Bedlam frenzies
Give eye of lunatic to view;
Such as Callott! thy pencil drew.
And though last mention'd, first of all,
That monster paradoxical,
NAPOLEON! Emp'ror, monarch, lord
Of those who monarchy abhorr'd:
Napoleon! emperor unmatch'd!
Whose craft these *titled toad-stools* hatch'd;
Despot of a community
Of slaves soi-disant *great* and *free*;
Prompter, and puppet, first i' the row
Of 's own IMPERIAL RAREE-SHOW. ‖

‖ *Of 's own imperial raree-show.*

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Oh! had John Duke of M— —gh's beldame,
Old *Sarah Churchill*, but beheld 'em!
She who, profuse of gibes and jeers
On royal Anna's new-made peers,
From window op'ning tow'rd the Park,
Grave as a judge was heard remark:
" Should she from thence expectorate,
" Upstart nobility of late
" Compos'd so numerous a horde,
" That she *must spit* upon a *Lord*."
How 't would have gratified her spleen
To 've spat on *Highnesses Serene!*
Though they, when spitten on, should spurn
The scornful spitter, and return
In kind a compliment so clean;
Since most of them have *turn-spits* been.—
Revisiting the realms of Night,
Hell's Missionaries wing their flight

The *important* detail of the Imperial, princely, and titulary Fungi generated by the Organic Senatus Consultum of the Conservative Senate (May 16) may be read in the Morning Chronicle and other papers of the 31st of May, 1804.

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(As kites from high on poultry souse)
Once more to Satan's LOWER HOUSE;
Summon'd to tell that grim old Grecian
The effect and upshot of their mission.
" Dread King of dæmons, spectres, shadows!
We, your true friends, have, as you bade us,"
Their Speaker cries—" strain'd ev'ry nerve
Your CORSICAN's proud aims to serve.—
Dispatch'd of yore to Palestine,
Your Legionaries to their *Swine*
Administer'd no better drench
Than we've been brewing for the French;
Nor made that herd porcinian run
More desp'rately to be undone
Than we've made these Republicans
Quit, for the *fire*, their frying-pans.
Napoleon, by our aid, oh King!
Has all their noses in a string:
And, while to his obsequious knaves
Of ENGLISH PLOTS the hero raves,
Denouncing every dire attempt
By some old woman made or dreamt,

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They to subaltern sots and apes
Exaggerate his *hair-breadth* 'scapes,
Who humbly pray that their Grand Consul
Would please to keep his *sacred* sconce whole,
Which, had *Drake* crack'd, their name and nation
Had sunk into annihilation: ‖
And therefore 't would exactly suit 'em
Would he the "*diadema tutum*" ‡
Wear, and, (to put them out of pain,)
Sit on the throne of Charlemagne.

‖ *Had sunk into annihilation.*

"Already have the poignards of the enemy more than once "threatened your destiny, to which that of so many others is attach-"ed. *France* was on the point of being *annihilated* in your person."

Address from 1st *Divis. Camp. Ostend.*

It is said Bonaparte intends to surmount his imperial arms with the crest of a *Drake's Tail*, emblematic of his infinite obligations to the Gentleman who so kindly furnished him with his DRAKE'S TALE plea for advancing himself to the empire.

‡ *Would he the "diadema tutum"*
Wear, &c.

——— Regnum & Diadema tutum
Deferens illi, &c. HOR.

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For THIS all Gallic pens and presses
Teem with petitions and addresses;
Samples we, from their Senate's journals,
Have brought to edify infernals,
And give our Lord and Master proofs
That we 've done more than kick our hoofs. †
In brief, so anxious for their shackles
Are Lion-Bonaparte's jackalls,
That, by their solemn act and deed,
They to Napoleon and his breed

---

† *And give our Lord and Master proofs*
That we 've done more than kick our hoofs.

These Diabolical Agents display a laudable anxiety to convince their Principal that they have minded his business, and not been strolling about the world regardless of their errand, and kicking their heels in idleness; although had that been the case they would have been nearly as well employed as were the Suitors of the chaste Penelope, during their long protracted courtship. One of our late Cognoscenti of no inconsiderable note, the Hon. D—— —— (after much learned and laborious investigation of the subject) is said to have at length made the happy and *sagacious* discovery that they were engaged all the while in playing at HOP SCOTCH.

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Have sold themselves for less than Faustus,
Cayet,† or Mother Shipton cost us;
Who sold their bones to make our faggots
For furth'ring their strange whims and maggots;
But these the worst of bargains drive,
Sold to be trampled on *alive*.
They've of your true and trusty blade,
The Corsican, an Emperor made;
Dubb'd him as absolute a don
As Bajazet or Prester-John;
Sworn in his service and defence
To combat at their lives' expense;
Nay pledg'd themselves, wives, whores and broods,
Th' advowson of their stolen goods
T' ensure to those rapacious satraps
Who catch his gulls and bait his rat-traps,
And all those plund'rers have beside
That Robbery has *sanctified*.
This, by a bran-new periphrasis,
" Equality's and Freedom's basis"

† Peter Victor Palma Cajetus or Cayet, *of Paris.*

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Their Emp'ror terms.—This and his reign
T' uphold, establish and maintain
They 've sworn, on forfeit of their tripes
And chitterlings to light our pipes,
Haunches and flanks Hell's chimney niches
To dangle in for bacon-flitches:
This to make good they 've pawn'd their souls;
Whilst we, your *True-pennies* or moles,
(As Hamlet calls his father's ghost)
Encouraging these knights o' the post,
Growl'd, as we heard their oaths resound—
" Swear, and be damn'd!" from underground. ‖
Your Emp'ror's brothers too, their bantlings,
And all the remnants, shreds and scantlings
Of his far-fam'd Ajaccian race,
As well as all the metal base

‖ HAMLET. " Nay but swear
GHOST (*under the stage.*) " Swear
HAMLET. " Ah ha, boy, sayst thou so? art thou there *True-*
" penny?
" Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge."
" Well said, Old Mole," &c.

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Of which his toad-eaters are made,
By diaboli-chemic aid
Transmuted, subtiliz'd, refin'd,
They 've into *Gallic Princes* coin'd;
(Like those that figure in stage scenes,
Or princes upon gipsey queens
Whom mumping potentates beget)
And dignitaries, such a set!
That had Democritus the Thracian,
He who brought grinning into fashion,
Their titles and additions heard all,
With laughter he'd have burst his girdle!
Had Heraclítus seen the train
That sage had never wept again!
Thus, King of Hell! what you have will'd
Is by your duteous dev'ls fulfill'd,
And for her Emperor so gracious,
Created by your "Fieri facias,"
Her sense of such a MIGHTY BLESSING
Paris in gunpowder and resin
Evinces; one of them for crackers
Dispenses to sky-rocket-makers;

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And t' other gives to Catgut-Orpheuses
(Who celebrate these metamorphoses
In concerts, choirs and puppet-shows)
For th' horse-hair of their fiddle-bows.
Since now they play at the same game
In theatre and Notre Dame:
In both resounds the fiddlers' strain
Farces religious and profane
Enliv'ning; echo Gothic arches
Mad shouts and military marches;
While thund'ring drums and trumpets brazen ‖
Out-roar the Organ's diapason.

‖ —— *thund'ring drums and trumpets brazen*
Out-roar the Organ's diapason.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris with his Clergy, received his Majesty at the door of the church, and *presented to him Incense and Holy Water;* the Clergy, in procession, conducted his Majesty under a canopy to the Imperial Throne, to the music of a *military* march, and amid the loudest acclamations.

Morn. Chron. July 30, 1804. From the Moniteur's Account of the Celebration of the 14th of July, when the members of the Legion of Honour took the Oath to the Emperor.

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For none but tasteless niggards grudge,
On setting up their IDOL, Dutch
Concert, a fashion of old time
Establish'd, and in th' eastern clime
Adopted by Nebuchadnezzar,
On whose Dutch Concert modell'd *these* are;
And of his instrumentals lack but
A dulcimer perchance or sackbut:
Though of obstreperousness 'Nezzar
Himself never gave better measure;
Nor would have *all his kinds of music*
Together half so soon made you sick ‡

---

‡ *Nor would have all his kinds of Music*
Together half so soon made you sick.

Nebuchadnezzar the King made an Image of Gold, and he *set it up* in the plain of Dura, &c.

"Now if ye be ready, that, at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kind of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up, well: &c.

BOOK OF DANIEL, ch. iii.

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While Gallic Hierarchs, (busy geese,
Like you in your own diocese, †)
Dizen'd in tawdry for the nonce
By Chasublier from sole to sconce, ‡

---

† ——— *Gallic Hierarchs, busy geese,*
Like you in your own diocese.

"The Devil is a *busy* Bishop in his own diocese."

OLD PROVERB.

On the industry and alacrity of this *Infra-diocesan*, Bishop Latimer expatiates in his Sermons, to which Dean Swift thus humourously adverts:

"Old Latimer, preaching, did fairly describe
"A *Bishop* who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
"And who was this Bishop? and where did he dwell?
"Why, truly 'twas Satan, Archbishop of Hell;
"And he was a Bishop, and he wore a mitre,
"Surrounded with jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.

‡ *Dizen'd in Tawdry for the nonce*
By Chasublier from sole to sconce.

To the word "*tawdry*," formerly spelt Stawdrey, (from Saint Awdrey, or Saint Ethelred, an Isle of Ely Saint,) the finery which decorated the Shrine of that Saint is said to have given its origin.

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And, for discharge of saintly rite,
Page'd with monk, canon, acolyte, ‡
(Cowled orchestra multiform,)
Heav'n with vociferation storm,
Which can't but bless the Sons of Slaughter,
White-wash'd by them with Holy Water.
Yet, though this noble undertaking,
Which we've perform'd, of Emp'ror-making,
Pæans excites, and gratulations
That would Job's magazine of patience
Blow up, and the whole stock, moreover,
Of Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar;

The *Chasuble* is a part of the dress of the higher orders of the Roman Clergy, having an opening in the centre, which admits the head and neck through it; one-half of the Chasuble covers the front, and the other the back of the wearer, pendant to the ground; on each part the cross is richly embroidered.

The maker of this and other ornamented ecclesiastical apparel is termed "*Chasublier.*"

‡ *Page'd with monk, canon, acolyte.*

The Acolyte is the Sub-deacon who attends the Priest while he is saying Mass.

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And though their Despot's taste to please,
Chiefs, of all classes and degrees,
Administer (dose after dose)
Praise hyperbolical and gross;
Though fawning prelates, monks, and cardinal,
Masses and pray'rs, not worth a farthing all,
With thanks and hymns in scurvy metre
Send post to Heav'n's gate to St. Peter,
Who wishes, while their choirs he hears,
He had in this world left his ears;
And though enacted by the State 'tis
That Punchinellos gambol *gratis*,
And that its dupes shall all scot free see
Mimos, tam Scenæ, quam Ecclesiæ.
Nay, though to honour Emp'ror *Corsic*,
Mummeries enough to make a horse sick,
By mean, time-serving Merry-Andrews,
Are play'd, whose roguery the land rues:
Still the Grand Work 's curtail'd and lame,
While, to complete and crown our game,
Two points are wanting, which we doubt,
If *our* French *Friends* can bring about:

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The lets and rubs i' their way 'tis meet,
We lay before your cloven feet.
To give YOUR EMP'ROR'S Coronation
Eclat and high consideration,
And make good Catholics adore
Th' imperial *white-wash'd* Blackamoor,
(Whom, though he has taken his degree
In Hell's fam'd University,
Her long-lost sheep, since she has found him,
Heav'n has admitted *ad eundem*,)
As, of old time that leprous layman,
The Syrian King's fac-totum, Naaman,
When bade in Jordan to immerge, he
Found healing benefit of clergy
From good Elisha, Israel's primate:
(A cramp word, by the by, to rhyme at.)
Cast, like a snake, his slough at once,
And got new flesh upon his bones:
Thus *your* Napoleon worse than he
Blotch'd with Sin's rankest leprosy,
Since Islamism he's left i' the lurch,
The *living waters* of the Church

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Has sent for from the Vatican,
To purge and blanch his inward man:
(For not like Naaman to the stream
He'll go, but make it flow to him;)
Yet, though he condescends t' invite her,
Th' OLD WOMAN with the triple mitre
Cries, like the Scotch Thane—No, not I!
At Rome I'll eat my Christmas pie; †
Nor furnish gibes profane to scorner,
By turning tail on chimney-corner.
I'd rather snug sit elbow-chair in,
Then take a d—d December airing:
For *here* my will is undisputed,
My very Extremity saluted
By rev'rend lips of true believers,
Who can sing psalmody like weavers; ‡

---

† *Cries, like the Scotch Thane—No, not I!*

————And with an absolute:—Sir, not I!
Returns me back the cloudy Messenger.

MACBETH.

‡ *Who can sing psalmody like weavers.*

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All special actors of my Drama,
Who worship me as their Grand Lama.
Shall I forsake my good warm pillow,
At beck of *Cyrnian* Bobadillo,
Who will, I'll warrant, throw me by,
When he's, like orange, squeez'd me dry?
Or, when like Mahomet, his turn
I 've serv'd, my three-fold night-cap spun?
No! — by fire-side myself I'll nurse
Lest further on I should fare worse,
When with my train of shaven scalps
I 've got on t' other side the Alps.
So shall escape my *sacred* TOE
Chilblains from Alpine frosts and snow.
Thus says intractable Pope Pius:
And will t'unnestle him defy us.
Besides, Sir! there 's another spoke
Clapt in your wheel :—Th' AMPULLA's broke

FALSTAFF. " A bad world! I say. I would I were a weaver, " I could sing Psalms and all manner of Songs."

I HENRY IV. A. 2. s. 9.

See " *The Religious Weaver,*" or ' Pious Contemplations on the Trade of Weaving,' by *Benjamin Fawcett, of Shrewsbury.*

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That held the consecrated CHRISM,
Which catholic Empiricism
Tells us, in elder times, a pidgeon,
Of kin to Mahomet's, from region
Celestial brought t' anoint *King Clovis*,
When he was but a royal novice
Or hop-o'-my-thumb: for 'twas at 's christening,
To make the babe look sleek and glistening;
And has at Rheims been treasur'd since
Religious Emperor and Prince
T' annoint: and him befitting best
Of most Religion who 's possest:
Since other princes have but *One*
Then 't will be own'd they 're all out done
By YOURS, who has at least a *Brace*;
Ergo, a double stock of grace:
Twice basted who should be with Unction
To fit him for Imperial function.
For, Sire! if witches, through the air
Who to itinerate prepare,

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Their carcasses anoint, and dress 'em,
Though but to mount astride a besom ; ‡
How much more unction must he lack
That has a Nation for his hack!
But shall our fire all end in smoke
If Unction 's lost, and Phial 's broke?
Shall crack'd *Ampulla* and lost *Chrism*
Engender Heresy and Schism,
Which cannot chuse but sprout and spread
If with unconsecrated head,
And un-anel'd, like Ghostly Dane,
Napoleon Bonaparte reign? —
This dang'rous consequence we 'd best
Prevent, for our own interest:
Since, when *true* Catholics grow scarce,
Desp'rate 's the state of our affairs.
This sacred Unction we are sensible
Is to *your* CHOSEN indispensable †

‡ See Turner's Divine Providences, folio. See also notes on Macbeth. Edit. Johnson and Steevens, vol. vii. p. 597.

† M. Bureau Pusy, in his address to the Pope, calls Bonaparte "this cherished *Chosen One* of the French people."

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As to Cotytto Comus 'rout
All dues discharged, and none left out
Of her dark rites and orgies,‖ we
Who darkness love as well as he,
Must no dark rite omit nor feat
Th' *imperial Drama* to complete.
And as, unless its nave is greasy,
Waggon or cart wheel won't roll easy,
No more will trundle wheel of *State*
Unless you 'noint the Emp'ror's pate,
Which of that wheel is nave and centre.
Our wits then we must send on venture
Both Chrism to fabricate and Pot:
Else, though your Emperor has got
Full occupation, hold, and seisin
O' the realm, he'll be, for want of greasing;
Like Yorkshire pudding without dripping,
Not like King Clovis, nor King Pepin."

‖ See Milton's "Comus."

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CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

SATAN, in council, applauds the exertions of his Agents — The Pope's presence at Paris, and the Ampulla or its proxy, indispensable — Infernal counsellors to suggest the means of effecting these objects — Speech of their Attorney-General BELIAL — The Pope, a bird that can sing, &c. — Translation of the House of the Virgin Mary from Palestine to Loretto — How conveyed, and for what purpose — A Bank or shop where heavenly tenures were to be purchased — Lamentable consequences of neglecting to make deposits in this Bank — Exemplification — Divine Post-Obits — Lucrative return to Papal Traders — Nazarean Chapel — Three Blue Balls — Prig of Cesenna — Generosity of Spiritual Pawnbrokers — Valuables pledged at Loretto on Bull and Pardon-Securities — Frenchmen have taken charge of those valuables — Holy Virgin's House dismantled, a fit vehicle to convey the Pope and his suite to Paris — Romish Ecclesiastics better accommodated than with wives — Opposite practices of heretical English Prelates — Inferiority of their Ladies — Monkey and Clog — Women should have their due — *Graceful* style of British Compliments to the Fair Sex — Speech of the Chancellor of the Infernal Exchequer, MAMMON — Worldly customs followed in Religious Concerns — Heaven's favour sought by conciliating its Pages in waiting — Saints first jacks, and afterwards patrons, of all trades, &c. — Liberties taken with St.

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Jannarius by the Lazzaroni — Rejoicing on the liquefaction of his Blood — That Saint's tergiversation in 1799 — Overacted his part — His indictment and conviction — Phial that held his Blood will serve instead of the Rheims Ampulla — Neapolitan Vicar of Bray — Speech of ASHTAROTH — His apprehensions of detriment to the interests of Mahomet and the Koran — Bonaparte, a Mahometan turned inside outwards — His late orthodoxy and zeal in the Prophet's service — The ill consequences that must result from rewarding his apostacy — Speech of DAGON — The last Speaker's apprehensions groundless — Romish Church, the Old Magpye — Former elevation and arrogance of its head, the Pope — Behemoth — Other Churches then in danger — Present degradation of the Papacy and Roman State — Servum Servorum — Death's compassion for Pius VI. — Indignity awaits the present Pontiff — Failure of first Clerk in Roman Firm — Snail-catching Ducks tail uppermost — Jews falsely charged with stinking — Apostacy of Catholics more likely than of Mussulmen — Rats and old House — Bouracq, another suggestion for the conveyance of the Pope, &c. — Cause of the great Eclipse — Blackamoors and Scolding Wives — Satan closes the Debate — Means proposed too rough — Satan's regard for the Holy See — Determines to go himself and effect the Pope's compliance by persuasion.

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CANTO IV.

" WELL to effectuate my ends
You 've wrought, exclaims the King of Fiends:
Well worthy, for your prompt obedience
Among my *honourable legions*
The foremost rank: You 've spared no pain
Hell's reputation to sustain
'Mongst its black sheep of th' earthly fold,
Who bloody, resolute, and bold,
Inflexible in ill shall be,
While, to encourage 'em, they see,
Exalted to th' imperial throne,
Him who has made *our* cause HIS OWN.
Thus far you 've sail'd before the wind;
Nor fear, of what remains behind,
Aught uneffected, shall prevent
Mar, or annul th' accomplishment

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Of your grand enterprize: — from Rome
Reluctant Pontiff yet shall come
And though King Henry, 'tis recounted, ‡
Held a Pope's stirrup while he mounted,
Pius shall to *my Emp'ror* bow,
For 'tis *his* turn to truckle now,
And come when Bonaparte whistles;
None shall he have his Toe to kiss else. §
Then, as for Chrism and Phial's loss,
Chrism is but *Coronation sauce*;
We'll re-produce this holy unction:
For tricks worth two of that have monks shown.
But since *divine* Ampulla's fractur'd
A new one must be manufactur'd;
Or, if 't wont shock *French* Orthodoxy,
Ampulla shall perform by proxy.

---

‡ Henry II. held the stirrup for Pope Alexander in 1161.

§ It has been said that Pope Leo I. cut off his own hand (*in obedience to the letter of the precept "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off,"*) on having experienced some irregular sensations while a handsome woman kissed it; from which time and circumstance originated the custom of kissing the Pope's *foot* instead of his hand.

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And You, my counsellors select,
The *Means* these objects to effect,
'Tis your's to frame and to provide:
On their expedience WE 'll decide."
Thus Lucifer his will declar'd:
When 'midst the Ministers that shar'd
The counsels of his dark divân,
Smooth Belial, bowing low, began:
"Lord of the damn'd! supreme within
Th' illimitable realms of Sin
That compass the terrestrial ball!
Hear your Attorney-General †
Deliver what his thoughts suggest on
The *first* of these two points in question,
The means to overcome the lazy,
Old Roman Pontiff's contumacy:
For, since the wond'rous condescension,
T' invite him by your Emp'ror French shown,

† *Hear your Attorney-General.*

Garnier, a French Poet of the Sixteenth Century, who introduced Devils into his Dramatic Pieces, calls Belial "Attorney of Hell."

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Is thrown away on *Chiaromonti*, ‡
Like bird that when he can sing wont, he
Must e'en be made to sing; as soon
He shall, I warrant, to some tune.
Excuse my telling an Old Story:
In this same Pontiff's territory
Loretto's consecrated earth
Bears an OLD HOUSE, ‖ fam'd for the birth
Of the Grand Foe of Sin and Death:
This old house, built at Nazareth,
'Tis told in legendary lore,
Angels, heav'n's ticket-porters, bore
To Coast Dalmatian; there they baited;
O'er the Adriatic then translated,
Their precious brick and mortar freight
Into Ancona's Marquisate,

---

‡ Pius VII. formerly Cardinal di Chiaromonti.

‖ The House of the Virgin Mary in which our Saviour was born, said to have been brought from Palestine by Angels, and now called "*The Chapel* of our LADY *of* LORETTO."

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Thus Fame reports: though Angels ne'er
The trouble took to carry 't there;
But when the fabric thither sped,
A sturdy caravan instead,
Form'd of your legionary *Blacks*,
Convey'd its burden on their backs;
And for what purpose? Why, to fill
The mill-trough of that Thief i' the Mill,
Their friend and crony, Rome's High Priest,
With store of provender and grist;
And tempt sage zealots, queens, and kings,
With treasures and rich offerings,
The earnest to pay down, and price
Of tenures fair in Paradise: †

---

† *The earnest to pay down, and price*
Of tenures fair in Paradise.

It is thus the Prince of Bassora persuades the Mahometans that his credit is so great with Mahomet, that, by his *bills* of *exchange*, he can procure the bearers such or such a place in Paradise. There is a bank in his house for the dispatch of these bills: he signs a policy, by which the possession of a certain place in heaven is

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That, in this banking-house deposit
Making of wicked worldly dross, it
Should, in the world to come, present 'em
With compound int'rest, *cent. per centum*,
Lest great land-holders here, when their long
Journey they've taken, not a furlong
Of Heav'n should hold, and wish in vain an
Estate in the *celestial* Canaan.
Lest they who Kings and Nabobs die,
Should resurrect to penury,
And, to the gizzard griev'd, repent
Too late, that so improvident
In life they were as not to purchase,
By gifts to monast'ries and churches,
Better dessert and after-cheer
Than falls to th' lot of hero here,
Who, if he has forgot to fee,
Before his exit, th' Hierarchy,

---

acquired, that is more or less advantageous in proportion to the sum paid him.

P. VINCENT. MARIA'S VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES.

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Though he had figur'd in first style, 's
Class'd with the scum of Hell's St. Giles,
Where the proud king, that chain'd the winds
And flogg'd Old Neptune, mustard grinds;‖
Where Nëoptolemus, no bullion
Who gave Epirus' Church, turns Scullion;
Where onion-ropes weaves Clëopatra,
Hungry enough to eat a cat raw;
Cræsus is glad to turn a gold-finder,
And queen Semiramis makes tinder;
Apicius rancid horse-flesh swallows,
And chaste Lucretia keeps an ale-house;
Tully 's a printer's devil, Cæsar
A sutler, Cato a boot-greaser;
And C— — —, imperial trull,
Drives Lucifer! thy cows to bull.
To 'scape such terrible reverses,
Rich worldlings have unlined their purses,

‖ *Where the proud King that chain'd the winds*
And flogg'd Old Neptune mustard grinds, &c.

See RABELAIS and QUEVEDO.

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And speculated for *divine*
Post Obits at Loretto's shrine.
In fact, no mercantile concern
E'er made so lucrative return
As erst, to crafty traders papal
Yielded this Nazarëan Chapel,
Which invitation, from hill-top
To *spiritual pawnbroker*'s shop,
Held out; as carnal pawnbrokers
Inveigle customers to theirs,
With three blue balls hung on a pole,
Whom they bamboozle and cajole,
So that their Balls, of which you know
One 's uppermost and *two* below,
Are, by the Cognoscenti, said
To be emblematic of their trade:
And thence the pledger understands
That what he 's trusted to their hands
'Tis *two* to *one* from broker's den
Will never visit him again;
But, like precise PRIG of CESENNA
Who grins in Angelo's Gehenna,

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(Ass-ear'd for finical contempt shown,)
There must be damn'd without redemption. †
Yet *Spiritual* Brokers are
Although less just, more gen'rous far

---

† *There must be damn'd without Redemption.*

The Picture of the last Judgement employed Michael Angelo Buonarotti for eight years; and, in that celebrated Composition, a multitude of figures present themselves to the view, wonderfully invented, and grouped with great judgement, every muscle and limb being distinctly and curiously marked, as the figures were represented entirely naked. That circumstance, of so many nudities, occasioned the observation made by Biagio of Cesenna, the Pope's Master of the Ceremonies, that such an exhibition of naked figures was more suitable to a brothel than a Chapel. But M. Angelo revenged himself sufficiently on Biagio for that sarcasm; for he painted his portrait exceedingly like, and represented him as a demon with ass's ears, encircled with a large Serpent, and placed him in hell. The Pope, indeed, frequently solicited Buonarotti to deliver his Master of the Ceremonies from that place of torment; but he excused himself, by observing to the Pope, that had he been only in Purgatory, he might have been released, but from Hell there was no Redemption.

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Than they of carnal, blue ball corps;
Allotting customers much more
Of heav'nly hereditament
Than the full worth of all they 've spent
T' adorn Madonna's shifts as well as
The shirtlikins of Bambinellos.
And this the problem strange explains,
Why th' owners of more wealth than brains
Have here such valuables pledg'd
As, since the wings of Time were fledg'd,
No treasury was known to hold:
Statues, and lamps, of massy gold,
Pearls, di'monds, goblets, candelabras,
Ague-pellent abracadabras,
Rich vests, with gold and silver laced,
And huckle-bones of saints, enchas'd
In precious ore, that folks might note 'em,
Which all diseases cured (like Brodum
Or Solomon) with store of tawdry
Crowns, crucifixes and emb'roid'ry.
For which return'd Rome's Holy See
Her *blessed* bond-security

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Of bulls, indulgences, and pardons
As estimable as brass farthings
Coin'd in the mint of Birmingham,
And comfortable as a dram
Or pinch of snuff to an old jade.
Thus, for the golden eggs they laid
I' the holy nest, these zealous geese
Were recompens'd, till such increase
From princely bigotry was drain'd
That scarce the Shrine its wealth contain'd;
And had by this time overflow'd,
But that 'twas eas'd of precious load
By honest Frenchmen's pious care
Who *reverently* stripp'd it bare,
Not deeming such a sacred treasure
Safe, 'till dispos'd of at their pleasure.
Now, since the Holy Virgin's trick'd,
And her House void and derelict;
Since her fine tenants have thought fit
To take French leave of her and quit;
Her golden images on shoulders
Decamp'd of Bonaparte's soldiers,

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(As rode off, on his martial hack
Of a Son, Anchises, pick-a-back;)
Her Angels fled to join in France
Their glittering sister courtezans,
Of her proud wardrobe not a clout
Remaining, all her lamps burnt out,
And not a relic, slice or scantling
Left of her of Martyr, Saint or Saintling;
Room in her house enough you'll find
For *lumber* of another kind:
I therefore humbly recommend
That, as 't has prov'd itself a friend
To the Papacy, it may so still,
And serve the Pope against his will;
May serve his holiness, I mean,
As flying stage-coach or machine.
Let but your Majesty command,
And that same diabolic band,
By whose aid from the Syrian coast
It to Loretto travell'd post,
Shall draw it, from that sacred spot
To Paris, at a good round trot.

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And in 't the Pope and all the Quorum
That 'tend upon Servo Servorum,
Cardinals, bishops, priests, and monks,
Their wives too—I should say—their punks—
For wifes'-flesh is abomination
To priests of Catholic persuasion,
Who such commodity in hand
Take, but by stealth, as contraband,
And are in chimney-corner mated,
Though better *thus* accommodated
(As Bardolph of his Captain tells)‖
Than with a wife they 'd be; for else
How 't would good catholics appal
To talk of *Lady* Cardinal!
Or (like Pope Joan) should it be said
" Her Holiness is brought to bed."
Though amongst English heretics
Right Reverend Fathers play such tricks;
And if they like the damsel's looks,
Marry their housekeepers or cooks;

‖ Bard. Pardon me, Sir! A Soldier is better accommodated than with a wife. SHAKESP. HEN. IV.

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Whom though thus favour'd we may term
But *sleeping* partners in the firm,
Since in episcopalian matches
Poor help-mate still is under hatches:
For though Lord Bishop 's a high blade, he
Never can make his Joan my Lady:
Though why she so beneath his rank is,
A point that might have puzzled Sanchez,‖
For with my Lord compar'd she 's held in
The same respect says learned Selden
As clog that 's tied to chain of monkey.†
Though a law-luminary, drunk he
Might be when 'scap'd him that expression,
Which brings t' a finis this digression.

‖ Thomas Sanchez of Corduba, *auct. tractat. ampliss*: "*De Matrimonio.*"

† "You shall see a MONKEY sometimes, that has been playing "up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, "but his CLOG *hangs a great way below:* The Bishop's *Wife* "is like that monkey's clog. Himself is got up very high, takes "place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way be-"hind." SELDEN's *Tab. Talk*, p. 220.

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And which your Majesty will pardon,
Because these Churches both run hard on
The Ladies' just prerogative:
For, since the dev'l his due men give,
They ought to give the women theirs;
With whom you'd think in love affairs,
(Instead of mortal swains intrigues,)
Our horn'd fraternity had leagues,
Heard you the endearing compliment
To th' Sex that *British* gallants vent,
And lavish on the Fair in phrases
Inspired and modell'd by the Graces:
" She's *dev'lish* handsome, *dev'lish* old,
" The very *devil* of a scold,
" A *damn'd* fine figure, *dev'lish* nice,
" *Damnation* ugly, *damn'd* precise,
" *Damn'd* good complexion, teeth, and eye,
" The baggage holds her head *damn'd* high,
" She's *dev'lish* dirty, *dev'lish* clean,
" *Damn'd* fat, *damn'd* gawky, *cursed* lean,
" A *damn'd* tight thing, a *damn'd* bad piece,
" *Damn'd* prudish Aunt, a *damn'd* smart Niece,

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" *Damn'd* pale, *damn'd* swarthy, *dev'lish* fair,
" *Damn'd* innocent, a *dev'lish* stare,
" *Damn'd* upright, *dev'lish* stiff, *damn'd* slim,
" *Damn'd* freckle-visag'd, *dev'lish* grim,
" She's *dev'lish* tall, she's *dev'lish* short,
" *Damn* her, she's one of the right sort!"
Thus, Sire! I've drawn my wit to the dregs:
But see, besides, upon his legs
Another honourable devil!
Prolixity would be uncivil.

So spake, and brought loquacious Fiend,
His Canterbury Tale t' an end.
Bowing to MAMMON, the next speaker,
Hell's Chancellor of the Exchequer;
Who Satan thus, and his black sheep,
(Whom Belial had near talk'd asleep,
But now prick'd up their tails and ears,)
Address'd: " My Liege! and smoke-dried peers!
" The learn'd Gibb'rishian † one old Story
" Has kindly furbish'd up to bore ye,

† Gibberishian, *viz. Pleader, Counsellor, or Gibberish-monger.*

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" Another just as much have I
" To the purpose ready cut and dry,
" Which, to these worthies, I'll propound,
" Seated our Christmas fire around."
Of the great vulgar and the small,
In their concerns religious, all
Make earthly usages their models;
And though some folks with brains i' their noddles
Have done their utmost to persuade 'em
That He'll take care of 'em who made 'em:
Yet, as when countenance or grant
From worldly potentate they want,
True policy and sound they call it
To drive a bargain with his valet,
Or curry favour with his groom:
So (sanction'd by the Church of Rome)
When they should of the King of Heaven
Beg to be prosper'd or forgiven,
Instead on 't, they address their prayer
To groom or page in waiting there;
A multitude of such as are
Term'd *Saints* in Roman Kalendar,

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Who, till th' were canoniz'd and hallow'd
By the Church, profane vocations follow'd;
Bailiffs, Comedians, Advocates;
For Saints, as Furettiere relates,
(Excepting that of the Attorneys ‡)
All callings have been found to furnish;
And some, rather than Saint they'd lack,
Have made one of the *Almanack.* ‖

---

‡ *Excepting that of the Attorneys.*

" There are some Saints who have been Advocates, Bailiffs, " nay, even Comedians; in fine, there is no profession, how mean " soever it be, but there have been Saints of it; but there never " was any Saint that was an *Attorney.*"

FURETERIANA, p. 44. HOLL. EDIT.

‖ *Have made a Saint of th' Almanack*

" Some ignorant Monk of the Seventh or Eighth Century, " seeing, at the beginning of the kalendar, S. Almanachum, writ- " ten by way of abbreviation, according to the custom of those " times, *S. Almachum*; took that word, then but seldom used, for " the name of a Saint, gave it a terminaton in *us*, and placed it on " the first day of the year. Ignorance and chance had no sooner " brought this new Saint into the world, but he found *Martyrologist*;

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As Saints were jacks of ev'ry trade,
All classes invocate their aid;
Each province too and petty state
A Saint distinct and separate
Keeps, to supply, at small expenses,
And serve its proper exigencies:
St. Crispin Cobbling tribes befriends,
Stiff'ning with wax their threads and ends;
St. David Cambrians' prayers assail,
Who teaches them to brew Welch ale;
St. Andrew Caledonians' brag is,
Who gives sheeps maws to hold their haggess;
St. Patrick's aid distills the Whiskey
That makes wild Irishmen so frisky.

" who said he had been killed in the amphitheatre of Rome,
" in the Prefecture of Alypius, by the Gladiators whom he would
" have hindered from fighting." No antient author makes mention of that holy Courage.

See Bayle, Note C. Artic. " *Alypius*," cited from *Enthus. of the Church of Rome.* Lond. 1688.

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Thus, too, the Neapolitans,
What time Vesuvius hurls hot brands
And fiery torrents from her crater
That seem to menace wreck of nature,
Would be distract', and out of heart,
Had *they* no Saint to take their part:
On this account a proper fellow,
O' the sort, yclept *Genariello*
By Lazzaroni, (but his cronies,
And they to whom his merit known is,
Entitle him St. Januarius,)
In their Archbishop's relic-warehouse
They keep safe treasur'd up: a penny
So misers hoard 'gainst day that's rainy;
Though Naples' sons their *Saintly Squire,*
Not against water keep, but fire;
And panic struck lest they should burn, as
Flames horribly Vesuvian furnace,
Turn out their Bag-Saint, like fire-engine,
Their bacon to secure from singing.
When, if uncheck'd th' Eruption roars,
With titles of all sons of whores

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They take the liberty to knight him,
Because he suffers it to fright 'em : §
But, should the mountain's flame grow dull,
Because 't has burnt its belly full,
They sink these scandalous expressions,
And chaunt his praise in grand processions ;
Thanking him for deliverances
That but existed in their fancies.

---

§ *Because he suffers it to fright 'em.*

See Sir William Hamilton's Letters in the Annual Registers, respecting the Eruptions of Vesuvius: in one of which, he mentions the name of *Generiello*, given to St. Januarius, by the vulgar Neapolitans; some of whom, when the Saint's presence did not put a stop to the fiery eruption, addressed him by the title of "*Yellow* "*Face*," (from the tarnished appearance of the Saint's silver countenance,) telling him he was a *pretty fellow* to set up for a protector of Naples.

Sir W. H. says, in another letter, that, in August, 1779, the relics of St. Januarius were carried in procession, and exposed to the furious Mountain, from the bridge of Maddelena, amidst a prodigious concourse of people, who are, at this moment, well convinced, that, to this ceremony alone, Naples may attribute its happy escape.

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Another Miracle as good
The Saint performs, whose CONGEAL'D BLOOD
In consecrated vase or cruet
They keep and let his votaries view it
On Gala Days:—if to their wishes
Their tutelary Don's propitious,
His blood, congeal'd and hard as ice,
Begins to thaw, and *liquefies*;
Which of his care for them the rabble
Regard as proof irrefragable;
Who to requite him light wax tapers
And set at work bell, and mouth-clappers,
Those kindred nuisances, with ringing
To break the peace of ears and singing.
For gratitude with roaring boys
Is term synonymous with noise.
But since their Saint has turn'd *time-server*,
No more with wonted faith and fervour
Tag rag and bobtail haunt his shrine.
When our French friends, in *ninety-nine*,

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Came kindly to *regenerate* ‡
That is: to seize upon, the State,

---

‡ ——— *To regenerate,*
That is to seize upon the State.

Morning Herald, March 5, 1799. — From the French Papers. — Naples, Jan. 29, 1799. — The taking of this city by the French will form an epoch in history. One remarkable circumstance is, that ST. JANUARIUS, the protector of Naples, *has declared himself in favour of the Conquerors.* The Cardinal Archbishop pretended that *great faith* and *extraordinary prayers* were necessary to make their Saint perform his miracles. At last the blood of St. Januarius liquified; and at the same moment Vesuvius vomited forth flames. These two events occasioned the singing of a *Te Deum*, to thank the Almighty on account of the entry of the French.

The following is an Extract of the Advertisement which the Archbishop published on this occasion.

" All the faithful citizens of Naples are invited to be present " this day, Friday, the 25th of January, at two in the afternoon, " at the celebration of Te Deum, which the Archbishop, accom- " panied by the Chapter, the Clergy, the General in Chief and " Staff of the Army of Naples, will sing in the Cathedral Church; " to THANK *the Most High* for the *glorious entry of the French Troops* " *into this City*, and who, protected in a peculiar manner by Pro- " vidence, have REGENERATED this People, and are come to

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And had, by Championet led,
Knock'd half his worshippers o' th' head,
His Saintship, wond'rous glad to see 'em,
Bade the Archbishop sing TE DEUM,†
And all his clergy join in chorus
To celebrate their entry *glorious*;
Most gen'rously bestow'd his sanction
Their sanguinary feats and pranks on;
Highly professed himself delighted
Such Guests to entertain, invited
By 'mself, for joy at the transaction,
Whose blood resolv'd to liquefaction.
But, overacting *here* his part,
Zeal of discretion got the start;
For soon as Royalty (half slain)
Had got upon his legs again,

" *establish and consolidate our happiness.* St. Januarius, our pro-
" tector, *rejoices* in their arrival. His blood miraculously liquified
" on the very evening of the entry of the Republican Troops."

† Delighted as their Saint and their Prelate might have been, the Neapolitans in general must have felt this celebration rather a *Tædium* than a TE DEUM.

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And of 'em made right application,
(Viz: kick'd out French Regeneration)
He vow'd he'd give to Saintly Sir
A Rowland for his Oliver:
Had him indicted, and to trial
Genariello and his Phial
Brought, as two trait'rous accessaries
Of Gallic revolutionaries.
Consign'd 'em to *Furr'd Law-cats'* claws †
Who of deserting the good cause
And siding with the foe convicted
Them *Both*: the Saint they interdicted
From exercising any longer
His old trade of miracle-monger;
And damn'd without commiseration, ‡
His BLOOD t' eternal congelation.

---

† See Rabelais' Account of "*Gripe-men-all and his Furr'd Law-Cats.*"

‡ *And damn'd without commiseration*
His blood t' eternal congelation.

"The liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, (on the arrival of the

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This Phial of Genariello
(Which I'll maintain has not its fellow)

French,) having been fully ascertained, it was evident that the Saint was become the protector of the Neapolitan *Republic*. . . . . St. Januarius had favoured the republic; that republic being now regarded as intolerably criminal, rendered the conduct of the Saint intolerable: he was judged conformably to the laws, was declared an accomplice of French Revolutionists, a deserter from the Good Cause. No Advocate dared undertake his defence. Attainted and convicted, the Judges declared him deposed from the honourable station which he had held. He was interdicted from working any new miracles; his Blood, pronounced rebellious, was condemned to eternal congelation, and his Goods were confiscated to the King. . . . . A new patron of Naples was to be chosen in his stead. To recount the harangues delivered in favour of the Candidates would tire the reader. The choice fell on St. *Anthony* of Padua. He was proved to have evidently favoured the Monarchy, because the Royal Troops entered Naples on the 13th of June, the day consecrated to this Saint in the Roman Calendar. St. Anthony was therefore substituted for the *jacobin* Saint Januarius. The bells of all the Churches announced this interesting intelligence to the City of Naples; while the thunder of *heretical* British canons promulged it around the neighbouring provinces." DESODOARD'S HIST. OF ITALY, v. ix. p. 141.

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Because it has been damn'd, to Hell
Belongs of course, and will as well
Our end and purpose to the full
Answer, as Rheims' once fam'd Ampoule,
As for the Chrism — why bid him brew it,
Th' Arch Quack,§ within the self-same cruet
Chief of his rev'rend turncoat clan,
Brays Vicar Neapolitan,
Whose oscillating politics
Taught him these *hocus pocus* tricks.
Thus Mammon: Syrian Ashtaroth †
Next rose, and lash'd his tail in wroth.
" These honourable fiends intents
Th' Interest of my constituents,
(Comprizing that respected set
Of devil's who drudge for Mahomet)

---

§ *The Arch Quack, &c.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, at whose *earnest intercession* the liquefaction took place, &c. &c.

† Ashtaroth said to be the same as Astartas or Astarte, but enumerated among the *Male Dæmons* in *' Le Diable Boiteux.'*

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Would compromise : *their Craft's* in danger
Adopted if such projects strange are.
What! on involuntary flight
Dispatch the Pope, like paper kite!
Raise from its base a Chapel volant
With half the conclave check by jowl in 't,
Like pendant cats on air balloon,
Sent missionaries to the moon!
Dead Januarius' blood no quarter
Allow, but make him twice a martyr!
His Saintship's consecrated Phial,
Because 't has undergone mock-trial,
A receptacle make of Chrism
For RENEGADE FROM ISLAMISM!
And send it an aërial journey, on
Purpose to gratify the Cyrnian!
Whose claim to honours of the first rate
Far be it yet from me to frustrate;
Or derogate from Hero's worth
Whom, whether hum-drum folks of earth
Allow 't or not, more liberal Hell
Acknowledges *her Nonpareil*:

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But 'tis the honour of the Koran
That I and my good friends set store on,
Which never can maintain its credit,
But will henceforth, by all who read it,
Be deemed less sacred and canonical
Than Robin Hood or Tyburn Chronicle,
If, with Ampulla charg'd, CHRIST'S VICAR
(Like tavern waiter, when fresh liquor
Is call'd for) should cry: "Coming, Sir!"
And all this spiritual stir
Be set on foot, and homage paid
To one who 's but (though first of his trade
He 'd pass for, stoutest too of stout hearts)
A Mussulman turn'd *wrong side outwards*.
For, with unblushing front of brass,
Though now he celebrates the Mass,
In Egypt and on Syrian coast
How loudly was he heard to boast
Himself the Prophet's right-hand man
Commission'd, since the world began,
To advocate *his* Faith, and please US
By trampling on the Cross of Jesus!

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And was he not Islam's true Trojan
Self-dubb'd, and turban'd theologian,
Who with his work went thorough stitch
To approve his tenets *mustimich*? §
Nay, did he not especial service
Render to Sherif, iman, dervice;
Who learn'd t' interpret with precision
The Koran from *his exposition* ‡
Pedagoguizing till their grim
Diván thought Mahomet by him

---

§ Mustimich, among the Mahometans, answers to "Orthodox."

‡ ——— *to interpret with precision*
The Koran from his exposition.

Bonaparte's French Biographer makes Suleiman, the Mufti, in his Conference with that Chief, which took place in the interior of the Pyramid aver, that he, Bonaparte had discoursed as one of the most erudite of their Mullahs.

And from the Paris Papers we were informed that, "at an assem-"blage of the Divan, he entered into theological discussions which "astonished and *convinced* the Turks."

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Might have been school'd, had he been there, as
He was by his Magister *Bayras*. §
If then, when he apostatizes,
His feints and tergiverse devices
Meet such remuneration ample,
Other Mahometans th' example
Will follow of Imperial Trimmer,
Till faint the Crescent's ray shall glimmer,
Till Christians people Islam's borders,
And the Grand Seignior's self takes orders."
DAGON, at this address'd his peers :
" Away with these old woman's fears
Lest Pope and consecrated chrism
Downfall effect of Islamism,
If they're employed and call'd in aid
(As of base rags white paper's made)
To transmute recreant Musselman
To cath'lic Emperor spic and span!

---

§ *By his Magister* Bayras.

An heretic Jacobine, one of the Masters and particular friends of Mahomet, whom he assisted in compiling his Alcoran.

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Which must the cause of Mecca's Saint
Advance, not injure, I'll maintain 't.
For, when the *Head* 's compell'd to stoop,
Must not obsequious *Body* droop?
Now of the Church that Christian's hight,
(I mean the Old Magpye, and the right,
Rome's church, true, genuine, orthodox,
Not that Reform'd One (with a pox!)
O' the *Protestants*, which would Heav'n's wicket
Open without St. Peter's ticket;
A jade who lays claim to *more* grace,
Yet of her *Mother* flies i' the face,
Heretical and termagant,
Bade to reserve her wine, "I shan't"
Who cries, and circulates the Chalice,
As if she thought the church an alehouse,
Unlike Rome's godly Rechabite,
Who like a true, discreet, and right
Oinologist scorns to go snacks
In 's draught with lay symposiacs:
But, from unhallow'd thirst lock'd up,
Wisely *reserves* the sacred cup.

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Of this Old Christian Church aforesaid
His Holiness the Pope 's, of course, head
And all o' the Catholic persuasion
The *Body*, form, or corporation.
This body's Head in elder days
Was wont to stand in 'ts proper place,
As high as if on top-most round
Of Jacob's ladder; Noddles crown'd
'T would curse, ban, excommunicate
If they presum'd to think or prate,
Or but a grain of common sense
Show'd in withholding Peter's pence,
Had not Pope Adrian i' the room
Of lacquey an Imperial Groom,
That reverently held his stirrup
While on his Mule climb'd Holy Sir up?†
How was Pope Celestine renown'd
Who with his feet an Emp'ror crown'd!

---

† *While on his mule climb'd Holy Sir up.*

Pope Adrian IV. an Englishman, forced Frederic the Emperor to hold his stirrup, and afterwards excommunicated him.

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What time the Papal Genius pregnant
Promulg'd its "*Per Me Reges Regnant:*" ‡
"Kings, like Shrove Tuesday cocks, are gulls
"Whom I knock down with bans and bulls."
Then, as if Dogma for the nonce
Was made, the crown kick'd off his sconce.
Pope 'Nal, upon the prostrate neck
(So Jews serv'd kings of Amalek)
Of Royal Fred'ric set his foot,
Whom he maranathiz'd to boot. ‖
When thus the Head of Church infallible
Made abject Sov'reign Princes swallow Bull;
Set realms to th' hazard like a rouleau;
And, with "Sic jubeo! Sic volo!"

---

‡ ——————— *Per Me Regnes regnant.*

Pope Celestine III. put the Crown on the Emperor's head with his feet, and then struck it off again, exclaiming—

"Per Me Reges regnant."

‖ *Whom he maranathiz'd to boot.*

Pope Alexander III. excommunicated the Emperor, who afterwards prostrated himself while the Pope trod on his neck.

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Rul'd them, as with a rod of Iron;
And if they rantipole or shy ran,
Doom'd each to penance till a knave he
Confess'd himself, and cried "peccavi!"
Or made reluctant royal lips staves
Chaunt penitentiary; to tipstaffs
Ecclesiastical and stiff ones,
(His cowled *Aggrippparts* and *Griffons*)‡
Gave them in charge, to papal bit
Who made their carnal wills submit.
Taught them to bow their flanks when bidden,
By WHORE OF BAB'LON to be ridden;
To trudge o'er flint-stones without sandals;
'Tend on *blind* Saints with lighted candles;
Or stripp'd, and bade his *beadle* monks
Cat-o'-nine-titillate their trunks.
Exalted thus when Popish power
Had got the start of Babel's tower,

---

‡ *Agrippart and Griffon.*

The names of the Jewish constables who took the Apostles into custody when they were to be imprisoned—(*in one of the Dramatic Pieces of* CHOQUET, *a French Poet of the sixteenth century.*

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And seem'd as if determin'd soon
To knock her pate against the moon,
As grew enormous *Head,* increas'd
The *Corporation* of the Beast;
With such increasing appetite,
That, like Behémoth's, to supply 't
Of thousand hills the produce vast
Would scarce suffice for a repast. ‖
Then there was cause indeed to dread
That on the vitals she 'd have fed
Of other Churches, as huge Pike
Devours small tenants of the dyke,
That Tartar, Musselman, and Persian
Were within hair's breadth of conversion,

‖ *Of thousand hills the produce vast*
Would scarce suffice for a repast.

Rabbi Eliezer, and other Talmudist Doctors of the Jews, say that God created this great Beast, named Behémoth, the sixth day; and that he feeds upon a thousand hills in one day, the grass of which thousand hills grows up again during the night, that the waters of Jordan serve him for drink; and that he is appointed to make a great banquet for the just at the end of the world

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That, proselytes to force or trick,
All sects had merg'd in Catholic;
As their identity drugs lose
Converted to a doctor's dose.
But now is Popery sunk as low
As high it mounted long ago;
Depreciated, and under par,
Like Stock in Bankruptcies and war;
And in his Holiness's style
There 's *now* no fallacy or guile;
Who is, in truth, "*servus servorum*,"
As t' other Pontiff was, before him;
Servant of those who serve *our* Don,
The Emperor Napoleon:
For BERTHIER, Bonaparte's *Man*,
Enslav'd him in the Vatican;
Enlisted all his precious metals
In 's service, nay his pots and kettles,‡

‡ ——— *nay his pots and kettles.*

See article "*Berthier*"—Revol. Plutarch, vol. iii.

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His captive sent on sleeveless jaunts
With military miscreants,
Till Death, who felt for the old man some
Pity, at Valence paid his ransom: †
  Nor waits Chiaromonti lesser
Indignity than 's predecessor.
From his reported contumacy
One might indeed conclude him crazy.
But soon for Paris he must start, or
He 'll find that he has caught a Tartar,
Who o'er his Holiness's ears
Will pull the gabardine he wears.
  Then if the Head of Apostolic
Church, at the nod, caprice, or frolic
Of Fortune's Soldier, be expell'd
Like Sextus from his post, if held
So cheap that, when Imperial *Novice*
Is pleas'd to want a cast off 's office,

---

† Pius VI. harassed and broken-hearted by ill usage, died at Valence, August 19, 1799. See Desodoard's Hist. d'Italie, tom. 19, p. 125.

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He must be ductile and compliant;
There 's reason to believe, rely on 't!
Papal Dominion 's in the wane.
In *commerce spiritual* 'tis plain,
That, when its FIRST CLERK fails, the firm
And trade approximates its term.
For though ducks, to catch water snails
Who merge their heads, turn up th' tails;
His triple crest when *Roman* Goose
Prostrates, his Body 's fall ensues:
Hence when his Holiness, turn'd greaser,
Shall run t' anoint our Cyrnian Cæsar,
Such derogatory behaviour
Must to his papal fold ill savour
Attach, as th' antients did to Jews,
Whom, says sagacious *Browne*, they accuse
Of *stinking* falsely:‖ and at large
Strives to perfume away the charge:
For which attempt especial grace
He gain'd and favour from Duke's Place;

‖ See *Sir Thomas Browne's* "Vulgar Errors."

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And fix'd his credit, *lucky dog!*
With Rabbies of the Synagogue.
But, to have done with Master Browne,—
'Tis likelier far from what 's laid down
That Catholics should Mass forswear,
Be circumcis'd, and turbans wear,
Than that Mahometans should chaffer
Their Faith for consecrated wafer:
For when old house is falling—dunce
Must he be who to prop it runs:
But he 's more wit than some that crack on 't,
Who, for another, turns his back on 't.
But since there 's absolute occasion
That Bonaparte's Coronation
The Pope should grace, (as in court-roll,
'Mongst chamber-lords and grooms o' the stole,
As well as maids of honour blooming,
There must be *Necessary Woman* ‖
Or all 's amiss) it rests with those,
Who scout the means that we propose

‖ See Court Calendar.

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As most expedient to convey
This Sacred Seer, to find some way
That 's pref'rable: — Suppose they get
Their good old crony, Mahomet,
To lend his Holiness the BOURACQ:‡
That trusty thousand mile an hour-hack,
Which carried him up to Heav'n's throne,
And in the same night brought him down.—
Then to accommodate the suite
That on the Pontiff tend, 't were meet
Of their spare imps the fleetest pack
Take each a Monk upon his back,
And Cardinals and Bishops horse all
With like accommodation dorsal.
But *these* their mitres, copes, and rochets
May leave, or put 'em in their pockets:
Such trappings let them lay aside,
And, a *l'Anglaise,* a garb provide
Succinct;—they 'll fly genteeler for 't,
Caparison'd in CASSOC SHORT;

‡ The *Bouracq,* an animal less than a mule, and larger than an ass, sent, by God, to carry Mahomet to Heaven.

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(That rev'rend *Cestus* which confers
Grace on ecclesiastic Sirs ‡
And consequence where erst was none,
And serves more purposes than one. ‖)
As dignitaries, from the forge
Red hot, (whom Congé of King George,
Of Pedagogues as stiff as stakes,
Deans and right reverend Bishops makes)
Travel St. James's Street accoutred;
To show, by this decorous outward

---

‡ *That rev'rend Cestus, &c.*

From the indescribable *Grace* and *Ease* which not a few of our newly-created Dignitaries display on *investing themselves* with the *Short Cassoc,* the happy invention of this *charming* ecclesiastical embellishment is thought to have been first suggested by the Cestus of the Paphian Goddess.

‖ *And serves more purposes than one.*

A reverend, and economical Dignitary, in the neighbourhood of Hatton-Street, has, not unfrequently, availed himself of the mysterious and accommodating veil of his *Short Cassoc* for the concealment of half a dozen *Flounders,* which he carried home from Fleetmarket for his supper.

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Habiliment which marks their clan,
Th' humility of inward man.
Then, whilst the turnpike roads of sky
Are throng'd with papal *Rookery*
Good folks below, who are not able
Aught o'er their heads to see but sable,
Will fear that strange Eclipse renew'd,
Which *(say the learned)* Afric's brood
Occasion'd, who, in elder time,
Came flying from their torrid clime
To carry off all termagants;
Grandams, maids, widows, wives, and aunts,‡
On pilgrimage (a thundering host)
To the Old Jewry on the coast
Of Syrians, who esteem'd the jades
A sorer curse than the *Crusades.*
As wound up his oration Dagon
Discussion paus'd: when thus th' OLD DRAGON:

‡ *Grandams, maids, widows, wives, and aunts.*

The precise æra of this *memorable* Eclipse cannot now be ascertained, but it was recorded in an antient Ballad, of which I retain only the delicate *Morceau* which formed its burden or chorus. This is here

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" You point out ways and means enough
To bring the Pope, but all too rough:
Betwixt us and the Holy See
League of good will and amity
Has been establish'd of old date;
And though this pontiff, and the late,
Have somewhat too much ceremony
And distance shewn to Rome's *Old Crony*,
Still must we cherish a connection
Founded on int'rest and affection.
Much we respect the Papal Stock,
And to that Apostolick Rock
Indebted stand for wreck of Souls
On our infernal coast by shoals,

---

presented to the reader as it was chaunted, in the Author's hearing, by the late venerable Dr. MOUNSEY to a company of *ladies*.

" For to fetch the Old Women,
" All scolding and screaming,
" The Blacks they will come,
" And they 'll tickle their B——
" And carry 'em away to JERUSALEM."

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As much as ever Cornish man did
To Scilly rocks for vessels stranded.
Wherefore, to cut the matter short,
OURSELF will to the Pope resort;
Not doubting but the strong persuasion
Which we shall use on the occasion
Will work, with potency like drastic
Jalap, on Seer ecclesiastic:
But should it fail us, at the worst,
Our irresistible "*Needs Must*"
(Arg'mentum demoniacum
More efficacious than guaiacum)
T' effect our purpose we 'll employ;
And make infallible Old Boy
Unction bestow and consecration
On Emp'ror of *our own creation.*
By Father of church universal
Sanction'd, our Hero grumbling curs all,
Who 've held his title in derision,
Shall muzzle by divine commission:
And He may say, whom crown'd the Pope has,
IAM FINIS CORONAVIT OPUS!

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CANTO V.

CONSISTING OF A

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN THE

POPE AND THE DEVIL,

ON HIS HOLINESS'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The POPE, *in his Pontificalibus.*

The DEVIL, *booted and spurred.*

Porter, &c.

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CANTO V.

A Conference between the POPE *and the* DEVIL, *&c.*

SCENE.

THE VATICAN.

SATAN.

HE, who 's disposed for easy jaunt,
'Twixt Hell and Church *cucullitant*
Should travel; highway better beaten
I've never trod.—So, now for greeting
Pontifical!—Cronies, of Rome,
Is OLD INFALLIBLE at home?

PORTER.

Who makes this thund'ring at the gate?
Sure 'tis *the Devil's Advocate.*†

† ——— *The Devil's Advocate.*

It is the business of the noisy Officer of the Romish Court, termed *the Devil's Advocate,* to rail against, and impeach the characters of deceased persons proposed as proper subjects for Canonization.

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SATAN.

No! HE's, *in person,* hither come.

PORTER.

Is he? He shan't want elbow room!

[Porter *runs off, crying, the* Devil! *the* Devil!!!

Enter the POPE.

SATAN.

Your blessing! venerable Dad!

POPE.

Bless *You!*

SATAN.

You may bless ONE AS BAD
Ere long.

POPE.

Why, how now! whither gone is
My Master of the Ceremonies?
That I'm by an ill-favoured stranger
Intruded on?—I doubt some danger
Threatens my state or safety near!!

SATAN.

Your Holiness has nought to fear;

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I'm the Pope's honest friend; in proof,
Order a boot-jack, and my hoof
I'll shew you in a crack: here 'tis!

POPE.

What, Nick!!—I for French Bishop's phiz,
Of their *new hierarchy* mistook yours.—

SATAN.

That's a fine compliment, Gad zookers!
I see you're not dispos'd to flatter.

POPE.

But from your fire-side what's the matter
That brings you here I can't divine.

SATAN.

Why, there's a *protegé* of mine,
A jack of all trades, who his coat has
As often chang'd as pagan Proteus:
His Sov'reign's bounty rear'd the brat,
First Loyalist, then Democrat,
Zealot of Jacobinic band,
Tergiverse Leader, Consul Grand,
Votary of Mahomet, and Christ,
As either to his Mill brings grist,

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Of France exotic Emp'ror:
Yet, with all these, one title more
He wants, and by your help must gain 't;
So make him, if you please, *a* SAINT,
'Tis but a small desideratum;
I beg you'll go and consecrate him!
If *You*'ll officiate, *I'll cry "Amen."*
Your book of choice receipts examine,
For Rheims' Ampulla's crack'd and drain'd
Of all the Chrism that it contain'd;
That is to say, "the fat 's i' the fire:"
Ergo, 'tis meet, most rev'rend Sire!
That you, with aid of Card'nals Fesch,
And Maury, toss us up some fresh.
You, to whom three fam'd *Cohnebrook* Coqui
Were scullions, (trust me I don't mock ye,)
For well you know *divine* Appointment
Ratification lacks of Ointment;
Yet *squinting* HERETIC averr'd
"A good name was to be preferr'd:" †

† G. WHITFIELD.

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Now, though my Emp'ror half a million
Of names has got, like old Castilian;
'Tis true as strange, in the whole set
There is not found a *good name* yet;
But, if the Ointment you'll dispense,
Good name he'll get of consequence.

POPE.

I've had an *Invitation Ticket*,
But should I go t' anoint the wicked,
While I the sacred unction shed,
Will it by Scoffers not be said,
That HOLY CHURCH *legitimates*
All roguery which success awaits?
Sanctions that *monstrous* Usurpation
Which set the seal to confiscation
Of her domains, and fights the battles
Of those who stole her goods and chattels.†

" A good name," says *Dr. Squintum*, " is better than a Gallipot " of Ointment." *Mrs. Cole*—FOOTE'S MINOR.

† Le Saint Père répand à pleines mains ses bénédictions les plus abondantes sur l'Usurpateur du tróne des Bourbons, *sanctionne la*

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Has not *your* Emp'ror now at home
(Thanks to French burglarers at Rome)
Statues unique, and paintings fine,
To deck his palace, stol'n from mine?
Is not on wrong the greatness built
Of this monopolist in guilt?
Besides, can you expect that I, Sir
Devil! should crown apostatizer?
One who has trampled on the Cross;
I would as soon anoint a horse!
Or consecrate from Coast of Guinea,
A royal tiger or hyena!

SATAN.

Soft and fair, Pontiff! why so hot?
Have you the CONCORDAT forgot?

---

confiscation des biens de l'Eglise. Que dis-je! il accorde absolution plénière aux détenteurs des domaines des familles émigrées, ainsi qu'au gouvernement qui retient les forêts et les canaux des familles amnistées. Le successeur des Apôtres autorise les receleurs de ce triple vol à le conserver sans remords, et proclame ainsi, autant qu'il est en lui, que *le succès des grands crimes suffit pour les légitimer sur la terre, et dans le ciel.*

D'IVERNOIS RECETTES EXTER. 1805, p. 219.

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You mount upon the high ropes, Holy One!
And prate like any rigmarolian:
Abridge that longitude of face!
Napoleon's *now* a *Babe* of *Grace*.
Nay, though it comes from Me, depend
Upon the fact: he's gain'd his end.
Thron'd in imperial state sublime,
The stilts on which he reach'd it, Crime,
He'll lay aside, he says: ne'er fear him!
Go, for 'twill do you good to hear him,
With visage starch and grim, assure ye,
Like Porcine Convert, "*Epicuri*
"*De grege*," who 's renounc'd his kin,
And turn'd his bristles outside in,
To hear this Mussul-papist swear he
Will now "*retrorsum vela dare*,"
Throw Bunyan's burden ‡ from his back,
And stand upon the Christian tack.

---

‡ *Burden* of his Sins: laid on the shoulders of "*Christian*."—(*J. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*)

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To this he's pledg'd his faith imperial,
And well you know the *raw material*
Of which all modern Saints are made:
'Tis out of *Sinner*, who, in 's trade,
Has kept a swinging wholesale warehouse,
As *Cyrnian* BANTUM's done at Paris,
Beside the Tibur too, and Nile;
Ay, and where e'er 'twas worth his while.
At what I say You seem to stare,
But deem not such conversion rare.
Could you in English tabernacle
Hear puritanic wild-geese cackle,
Where, though they've ne'er a bell to ring,
By harping always on this string,
" That Grace loves best to work upon
" Sinners gigantic and o'ergrown:"
Such flocks of blackbirds to *their* perches,
They lure, and so exhaust the Churches,
That you might liken Sermon *there* to
Voci clamantis in deserto,
Let prudence then allay your courage;
And with discretion salt your porridge.

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Be a good Pope! anoint my Pet!
But, take a friend's advice! Forget
To touch upon "Church goods confiscate."
That is a *tender* point — don't risk it!
For, as each black sheep in my pale
Is known by cloven foot and tail:
So ev'ry Saintly palm you'll find
With glue and pitch and birdlime lined.
And newest Saint knows best to trick ye;
You'll always feel *his* palm most sticky.
Chattels and coin of friend or foe
To grasp, and never let it go.
As for *your sealing* confiscation
By Unction and Inauguration —
Can all the brains in papal scull
One act of Saintly theft annul?
Whether you 'noint, then, or refrain,
The man won't have his mare again;
And Church's alienated acres
Try how you will, you'll never make yours.

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POPE.

I fear you're in the right. If so,
There's the less reason I should go:
Nor will compliance with his whim
For aught I know serve me or him.

SATAN.

Nay, now you shoot beyond the mark:
How it will serve *imperial* spark
Your Holiness may clearly see, as
Hornbeeck you've read who cites Andréas†
To shew (the Dutchman's tale were strange else)
What in Arabian Creed the angels
Are said t'have done for Mahomet:
How on a mountain's top they set
The Prophet, clove his belly open,
Then wash'd his chitterlings soft soap in,

† *John Hoornbeeck*, an eminent Dutch divine and critic of the seventeenth century, gives us this relation; and, for his authorities, cites the first chapter of "*Confus. Sect. Mohammed:*" by John Andreas of Xativa in Valencia, and the "*Alcoranum Germanicum.*" c. 4.

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'Till whiter than the driven snow
They'd bleach'd 'em:—after which, you know
They took out of his heart th' infernal
Black drop, or diabolic kernel
That makes most men besides on a level
In rogu'ry with ourself, the devil.
They did this when he was a chit
Of four years old, to make him fit
To prophecy and legislate
For Saracenic church and state;
And domineer till half the world
Crouch'd when his banner he unfurl'd:
Now, what *they* did for Mecca's baby,
You, if you'll take the trouble, may, by
Pontifical address and art,
Do for Napoleon Bonapart'.
Nay, you'll do more, because *that* Hop-
O'-my-thumb had but a single drop
Of the black fluid in his heart,
Of which our Emp'ror's holds a quart,
Which you'll express and wring out *statim*
If you'll but go and consecrate him:

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Or, what as well will turn t' account,
Good Catholics shall swear you've don't
Soon as this consecration *game*
They've seen you play at Notre Dame.
Then for *Yourself:* — Though positive
Advantage hence you'll scarce derive,
Yet, for this touch of Rome's old trade,
You'll still be *negatively* paid.
My meaning is, you'll be no worse:
Than you are now; for in your purse
While you've a stiver left to lose,
Hang me if I'd be in your shoes
In case you're stubborn, or delay to
Accommodate my Desperado!
Have you ne'er heard what that tart Dame
Queen Bess to Bishop — what's his name —
Wrote: "Bow, proud Prelate! to my nod,
"Or I'll un-frock you, else, by ——!"
Her menace, if his will's withstood,
Napoleon shall on you make good.

POPE.

Must I debase St. Peter's chair?
Would I had ne'er been seated there!

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Had I not better to a cloyster
Betake myself than crown this royster?
Than prostitute my sacred station
By such unheard of degradation;
And, like the one-ey'd Carthagenian,
Whose fate declaims scholastic ninny on,
Scout o'er the Alps, your Emp'ror's call at,
To be the subject of a ballad? ‖

SATAN.

Talk you of Hero with one eye,
Why where is your philosophy?
How the world wags if you can't find
Not one-ey'd must You be, but *blind*.
There is, in the affairs of men,
A tide, Will Shakespeare says —

‖ *To be the subject of a ballad.*

Expende Hannibalem!
O qualis facies et quali digna tabella.
Cum gætula Ducem portaret bellua luscum.
— I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias!

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POPE.

What then?

SATAN.

Why then he needs must be a sot or
Mad who thinks always 'tis high water.
'Twas papal *spring-tide* long ago:
Now current Catholic runs low.
What makes your rev'rence kick and wince is
This,—to your predecessors princes
Were abject homage wont to pay,
But ev'ry Dog must have his day:
Dog-pontiffs held, of yore, their stations
Above the clouds, like constellations.
And kings look'd up to them — to stars
That manage astrologic farce,
As conj'rors look'd — 'Twas fortune's fun, §
Whose wheel has its full circle run;

---

§ *As Conj'rors look'd — 'twas Fortune's fun.*

Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari — JUVEN.

"The Wheel has run full circle, I am here." — EDMUND IN LEAR.

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And now Dog-monarchs, got to th' zenith,
Contemptuous eye Dog-pontiffs béneath,
Pontiffs or princes, high or low,
I' the catalogue for Dogs ye go †
And half as honest as that race
Were you, like statesman out of place
With nobody I might retire
Except myself to stir my fire.
But to the point — Not quite so bad
Are things as you describe 'em, Dad!
Nor degradation to th' extent
That parallel or precedent
Excludes, is this to which 'tis fit
With a good grace that you submit.

---

† *In th' Catalogue for Dogs ye go.*

Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for men
As hounds and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of DOGS.

MACBETH.

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Was it not one of your own cloth who
'Nointed and crown'd the Emp'ror Otho? §
Did not his namesake at the feet
His KEYS yield up of Charles the Great,
And Rome's immunities? though tail
Of Pope for that default gave bail,†
Aye and a scruple more o' the small cat-
O-nine-tails got than goes to a Malcad; ‡
Yet not so much as Brat of mine
Whom that *behind door-made* Divine ‖

---

§ Pope Leo VIII.

† ———*Though tail*
Of Pope for that default gave bail.

Pope Leo III. whom his subjects the Romans, for his servility, pulled off his horse and flogged.

‡ Discipline of thirty-seven stripes, termed '*Malcad*,' which certain Jews inflict on themselves, on the eve of their 'Roschahana,' or Holy Observance of the beginning of the Year.

‖ *That behind door made Divine.*

For his introduction to the world this Great Divine (as it appears

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Exorcis'd *birchically*, flogging
Imp for three days to send him jogging,
(Who cried, and curs'd, and bawl'd, and bann'd
At breech-work so long time in hand;
And swore in mastigeusian office
Theodore was but flogster novice,
Usurping antient Pedagogue's
Sole province of untrussing brogues. §)

---

from the narrative accompanying the next note) was indebted to the *kind* exertions of that description of persons whom Butler terms

——— Lovers solacing behind doors.

§ ——— *Antient pedagogues*
Sole Province of untrussing brogues.

The subjoined detail will serve to illustrate a point which may not be perhaps so well known to Protestant as to Catholic Readers, viz. the extreme sensibility of the Infernals on the point of Honour, here exemplified in an Urchin-devil, who, after three days flagellation, was so hurt at the *indignity only* of having been flogged by a *Young* Saint instead of an *Old One*, and at the circumstance, (no very unnatural one) of the Saint's Mother having been more fond of multiplying Saints, than of following their calling herself, that he did not

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You, if you 're restive, something worse can Befall. That Benedict the Tuscan

---

dare to return to the family fire-side, and look his Devil-dad in the face.

" Post sanctam Paschæ celebritatem quidam homo tulit ad eum (S. Theodorum) quodam die filium unicum a spiritu immundo vexatum et fide ductus, orabat sanctum puerum Theodorum ut filiolum suum curaret. Verum ipse nesciebat quid ei faceret, sed excusabat se quod esset juvenis. Pater autem illius vexati lacrymans, dedit illi flagellum et dixit. Hoc accipe, Domine mi, serve Dei! et minans filio meo percute illum, dicens: " Exi, exi, spiritus immunde, ab hoc puero, in nomine Domini mei! " Fecit ut erat edoctus, sanctus Theodorus: et turbatus Dæmon cæpit eum irridere, et tanquam insanum predicare: et si quid ab illo audiebat idem ille resonabat; et bidui spatio nihil illi respondit. Tertio autem die idem puero fecit Christi puer Theodorus. Tunc Demon rursus commotus, cæpit vociferari Exeo puer, exeo! nec amplius resisto. Da mihi horam! Illo autem ad altare ascendente Dæmon clamavit ad hunc modum; O magna vis Nazaræi! haec adversum nos excitantis. Ex quo enim in terram descendit, *homines* in nos armavit; et nunc *Scorti filio* concessit ejiciendi nos potestatem! Heu mihi misero, a quo puero expellor? Neque enim gratiam illi e cœlo demissam ferre possum. Magna naturæ nostræ ab hoc MERETRICIS FILIO calamitas imminet, Multos enim e nostro grege ex hominibus extrudet. Doleo autem

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Crown'd Emp'ror Henry's jobberknol
We know who lent that Pope the coal-
Black colt, out of the Night-mare got,
On which he oft was seen to trot
After his spiritualization,
Like Vicar bound to Visitation. †
These precedents pontifical t' ye
Adduc'd — Say where's the difficulty?

POPE.

Why, Satan! *lawful kings* t' anoint
And consecrate 's no case in point.
Yours is an Emp'ror green and raw,
Who's stamp'd himself so by club law;

---

quod *hic* in me exercet imperium: nec audeo redire ad *patrem meum diabolum* cum a *tali puero* sim expulsus. Nam *si id mihi a Sene aliquo contigisset* haud ita magnum dedecus arbitrarer. Execranda dies in quogenitus es! &c."

Vita S. Patris Nost. Theodori Ex. Sanct. Hist. v. ii. p. 732.

† Pope Benedict VIII.-a Tuscan, (said to have been seen on a black horse after he was dead) crowned the Emperor Henry.

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To royalty was ne'er bound 'prentice
But 's made as "*pueri ludentes*
Rex eris aiunt" — when, i' their tricks, it
For pastime serves, by ipse dixit
Of's own and royaliz'd himself
With diadem stol'n from the shelf
Of Bourbon's closet, though in splendor
Regal array'd he's but pretender: —
Would not anointing be a flam
Of EMPEROR SHAM-ABRAHAM?

SATAN.

Yet a fam'd Rabbin (and I hope
A Rabbin is as good as Pope
Or was, though no disparagement
I mean to offer) was content
T' anoint a charlatan as hé base
Known by the name of *Barchochebas*
A captain, like Napoleon, fierce
And fam'd for bloody massacres:
Nay, 'nointed him as the Messias,
And thought he'd done an action pious. ‡

‡ *And thought he'd done an action pious.*

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Fill a whole volume would the fame
O' the Rabbin 'AKIBA,' his name,
Alias 'Sethumtäah.' Jews hail him
As fountain head *Legem Oralem*
Whence they derive, which (with civility
I say't) to your infallibility
To cry hail fellow! has fair claim:
Deep lucubrations of this same
Hebréan I could quote you — was it
Not he who on the water-closet
Expatiated? — who steer'd the rump has
To favourable point o' the compass?
Instructed folks *sinistrâ manu*
Abstergere? — And yet complain you

Akiba, a famous and learned Rabbin, who flourished after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus. He had twenty-four thousand scholars. He declared for the Impostor Barchochebas, and maintained that these words of Balaam, 'A star shall come out of Jacob,' were to be understood of him. (*Barchochebas* signifies in Hebrew, '*Son of the Star.*') He was not content to anoint him, but would be his Equerry. The Jews under the conduct of Barchochebas committed horrible massacres.

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Of 'nointing knave (with shameless front)
When such a *great* DIVINE has done 't? †
Speed then the work which to discharge
You 're call'd on—I could show at large
Though things run counter and perverse,
That 's not so bad which might be worse;
Prolix and periphrastic stuff
I hate — one word to th' point 's enough.
Your Holiness's *hands* are tied
By Emp'ror yet unsanctified;
But for your *neck*, I fain would save it
From gripe profane of hempen cravat.

---

† With respect to this learned Rabbin's lucubrations, they may best (as Bayle has observed) be mentioned in Latin.

Dixit R. Akiba, "Ingressus sum aliquando post Rabbi Jesuam in sedis secretæ locum, et tria ab eo didici. Didici 1. quod, non versus Orientem et Occidentem, sed versus Septentrionem et Austrum convertere nos debeamus. Didici 2. quod, non in pedes erectum, sed jam considentem se retegere liceat. Didici 3. quod podex non dextrâ, sed sinistrâ manu abstergendus sit."

Rabelais must have availed himself of this learned Rabbin's experience when he wrote his chapter on Torche-culs.

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Yet, to this call if you 're obdurate,
Hell keeps no office to insure it:
Nor would your reign, by hangman ended,
Exit afford unprecedented.
So Benedict the Sixth was fated
To Heav'nly See to be translated;
He whom fierce Cintius, once his vassal,
Strangled in Angelo's proud castle. ‡
O how would UNCLE FESCH be shock'd
Should thus *your* vital twine be dock'd!
Nor would kind-hearted Card'nal MAURI,
I'll warrant, be a whit less sorry:
'T would to Napoleon too be shocking
To make, of one or t' other *Coquin*,
Your worthy successor and proxy:
Whilst you, in all your orthodoxy
Array'd (like Solomon in 's glory)
Had reach'd celestial Attic Story

---

‡ Pope Benedict VI. was deposed, imprisoned, and strangled in the Castle of St. Angelo by Cintius, a potent citizen of Rome.

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Whence to look down must be delicious
On knaves at strife for loaves and fishes.
How like you, Pope! such splendid scenery?

POPE.

So well that for an Irish Deanery
The Papacy I 'd freely barter :
But I 've no mind to be a martyr.
Your force of argument I feel;
And think your diabolic zeal
Proves you *my friend* for else, I query
Liceat ab hoste an doceri?
But since we have command express
Of Mammon of unrighteousness
To make us friends, who then can blame one
Who Lucifer, as well as Mammon,
Has made a friend of, and may crow,
Because he has *two strings* to 's bow.
Across the Alps without delay
I'll beat my march.

SATAN.

To smooth your way
I (who, of yore, Samarian Seers
T' inveigle Ahab and his peers

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T' engage in mortal enterprize
Instructed with false prophecies)
Converted have the Gallic host
Of clergy into knights o' the post
Sworn to wash Bonaparte white,
As if he were Angel of light
" *He 's pure* " they swear and " *faultshas none;*"
No spots allow in Corsic Sun
Which mortal vision can find out;
Announce him " *merciful as stout,*
" *An ornament of human nature,*
" *Europe's benign Pacificator,*
" *Of Christ's Church Militant the Grand*
" *Captain, and Man of God's right hand.*"
Nay such is the mendacity
Of that Ecclesiastic fry
They 'll (for I know their forte full well)
Scarce leave a lie for *you* to tell:
Therefore the more you have to use on
Valedictorial ALLOCUTION;
Which must, to make it palatable,
Florid embellishments and fable

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Contain, and with choice terms be spic'd.
Talk of " *Your dearest Son in Christ*
NAPOLEON *(anxious for salvation*
Of his lov'd Children the French Nation,)
Whose faith and hope on Peter's Rock
Is anchor'd, prime tup of your flock!
Who is *resolv'd to live and die*
True Son o' the Church and hierarchy
Cath'lic and Apostolical;
Th' int'rest of which is all in all,
And *the whole cause and sole* has been
That you commence like Sheba's Queen
This hopeful evangelic journey on
Account of SOLOMON the *Cyrnian!*
That you 've *great hopes* when FACE TO FACE
You speak with him you shall find grace
In 's sight—and, when your papal nose is
Laid alongside of his proboscis,
His wisdom and your zeal may squeeze
From both (like maggots out of cheese)
Effects of special likelihood
To aggrandize the Church's Good;

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(Rome's Church I mean, the only ark
In which, you know, th' Elect embark)
That 'nointing *Corsi-Christian* Turk
Perfectionates Religion's work—
That you and Red-Caps of your train
This spic and span-new Charlemagne
(That has turn'd Europe upside down)
Who go to consecrate and crown,
If none applaud you—happy elves!
At least will gratulate yourselves
(As, in old fable, did the Crane
When bone that stuck in Wolf's red lane
Chirurgically out she drew,
That he 'd not bit her neck in two)
When you 've escap'd Parisian gins
And Rome revisit in whole skins. [*Exit* POPE

SATAN.

He 's gone! and, if he 's true to his text,
I 'll make Him consecrate ME next.

[SATAN *vaults upon the Night Mare, and canters up the chimney to the tunes of* "Ca Ira," *and* "Lillibulero," *played both at the same time.*]

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NOTES OMITTED.

Page 10.

——— *Judge Jeffreys presbyterian*
Forty miles off could smell.

DUNTON says in his *panegyric on* Jeffreys, "Judge Jeffreys had "a NOSE fit for the great service of destroying Schismatics: for he "told the grand jury, at Taunton, that he could smell a presbyte-"rian forty miles."

Page 128.

Ague-pellent Abracadabras.

Abracadabra, a word written on any thing that is worn as a Charm to drive away the Ague, or other complaint. It is derived from

ΑΒΡΑΣΑΞ,

a name by which Basilides, the Egyptian heretic, defined the Deity. As the letters of which it is composed imply '365,' the number of days in the year.

Page 160.

——— *Cassoc Short,*
That rev'rend Cestus which confers
Grace on ecclesiastic Sirs.

Oxonians well remember a learned Professor and Orientalist, whom the exuberant accommodation of his SHORT CASSOC precluded from the necessity of wearing his breeches during the summer months.

But it must be noted, for the honour, and for the orthodoxy of this venerable Sans-culotte, that HIS Cassoc was *shortened* by Time and hard service, and not by any *heathenish* propensity which *he* indulged of sacrificing to the GRACES.

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